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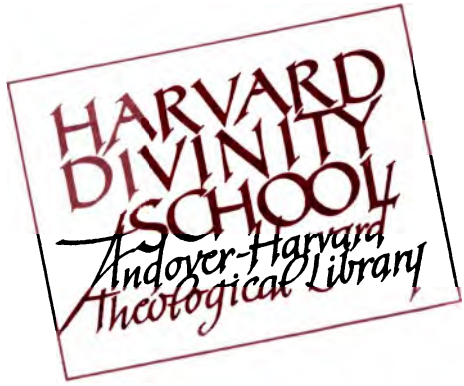
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THE

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL

TUNE BOOK.

New and enlarged Edition.

The New Sunday School Hymn Book.

EDITED BY EDWIN HODDER,

Author of "The Story of Jesus in Verse," &c.

Price 2d.; Cloth, 4d.; levant roan, gilt edges, 9d.

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LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE

New Sunday School Tune Book.

EDITED BY JAMES SAMPSON,

AUTHOR OF "SACRED HARMONIES."

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

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PREFACE.

THE "NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL TUNE BOOK" is twofold in design:—First, To meet a want created by the "New Sunday School Hymn Book" by supplying tunes for its peculiar metres; and, Secondly, To be a general Tune Book for Sunday School and Home purposes.

A large majority of hymns in the New Hymn Book being of special character and peculiar metre, demand, not merely well adapted tunes, but tunes expressing and intensifying, as far as music will allow, the whole subject of the hymn. With this object in view, most of these tunes have been written specially for the hymns to which they are attached.

Thanks are cordially tendered to the friends who have kindly contributed their compositions to this volume. It is sincerely hoped that the "New Sunday School Tune Book" may be "an offering of praise" acceptable to Him to whom all praise and honour is due.

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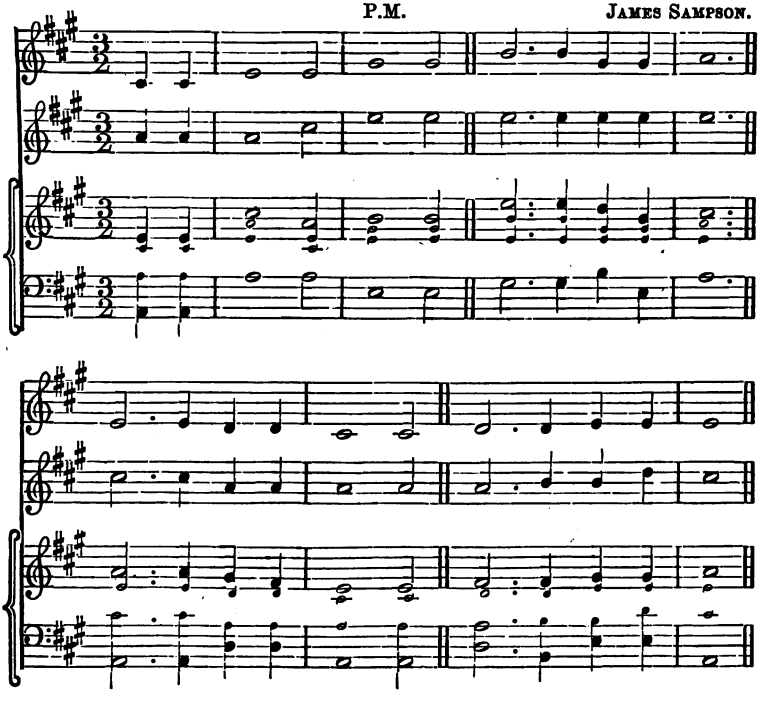
1. JESUS HIGH IN GLORY.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear:
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

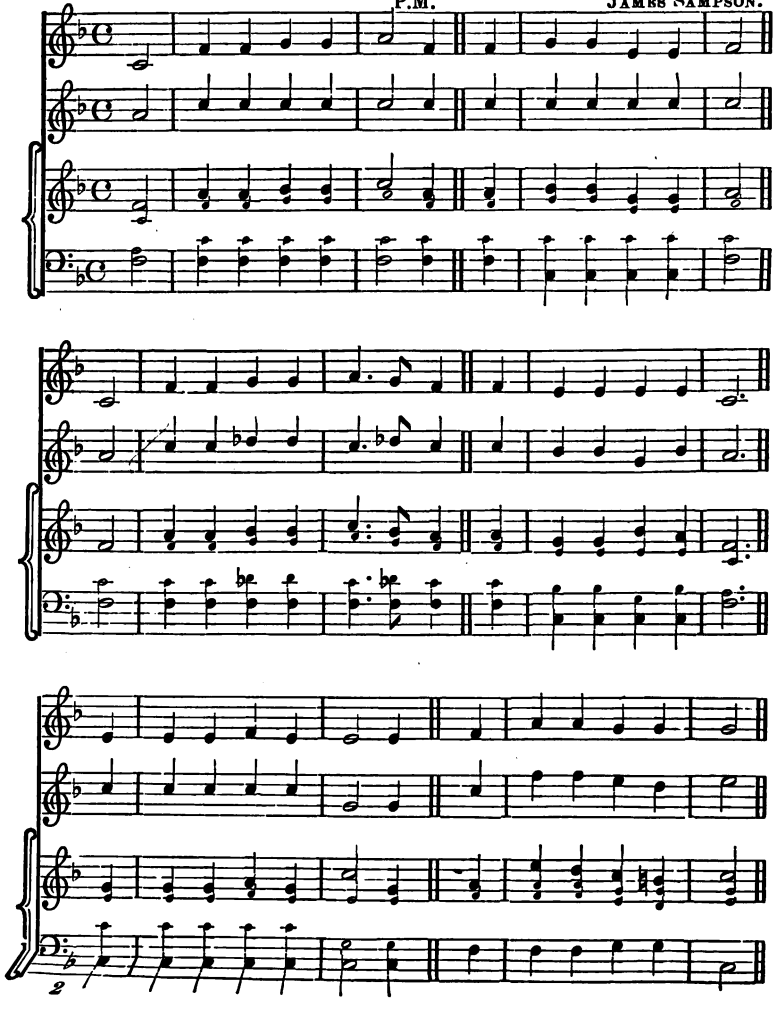
Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."—AMERICAN.

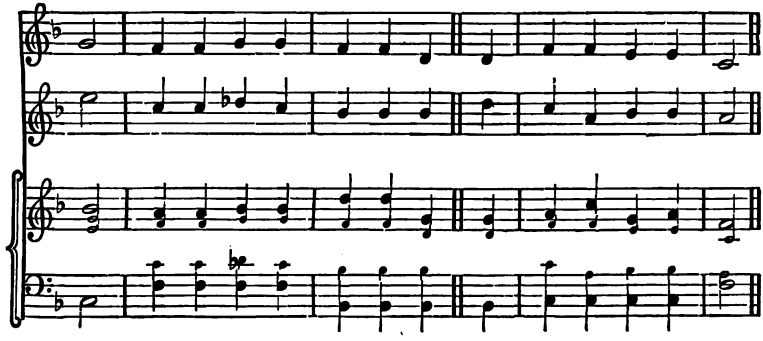
2. I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

P.M.

JAMES SAMPSON.



I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.



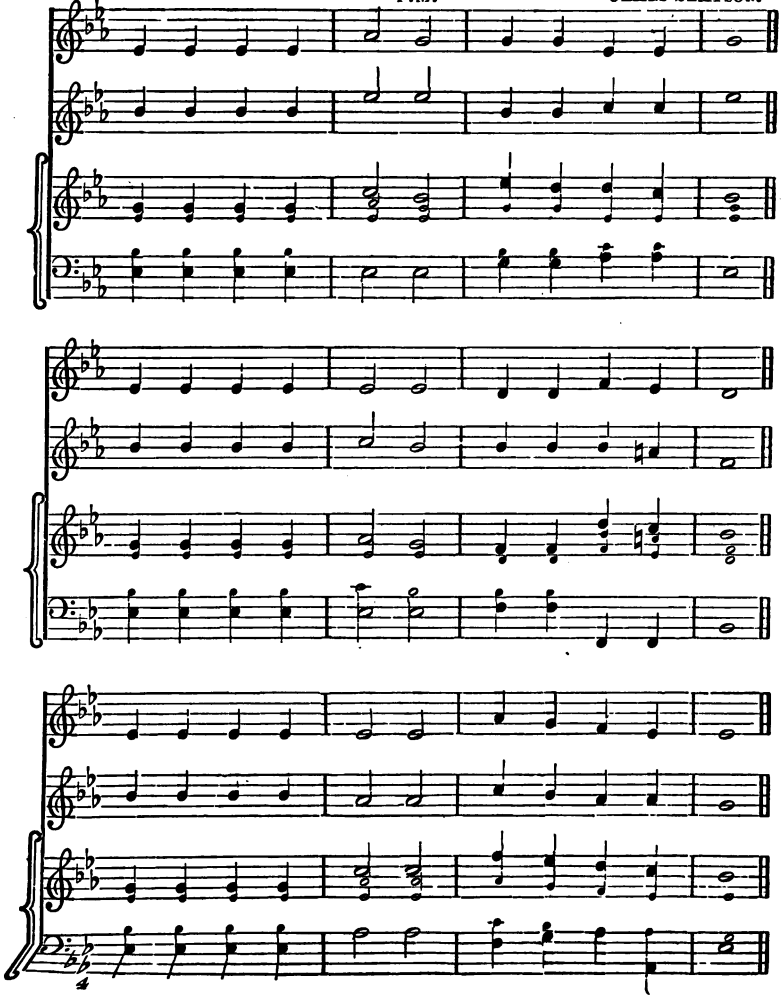
I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer,
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

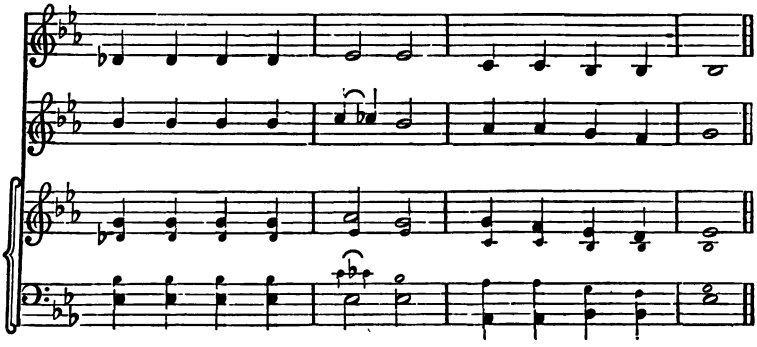
I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me."
I would obey the call.
But oh! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see.
Oh! gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.—WHITTEMORE.

3. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.



Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither he doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice;
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone:
None but he shall guide us; we are his alone.

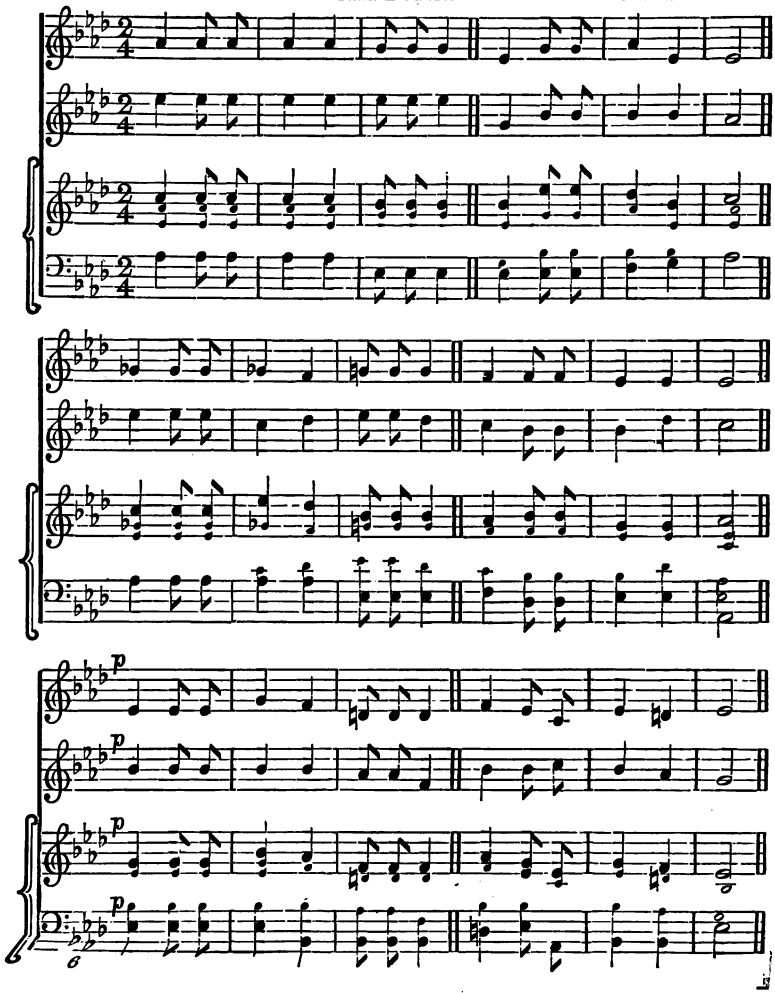
Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep he bled;
Every Lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed!
Then on each he setteth his own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by his arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

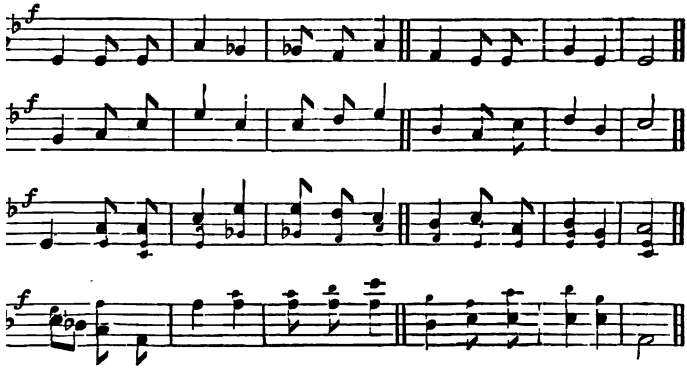
H. STOWELL.

4. O HAPPY LAND.

C.M. Double. JAMES SAMPSON.



O HAPPY LAND.



O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

The saints in light! the saints in light!
What joy to them is given:
Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright,
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes were cleansed from every stain
By bleeding, dying love:
On earth they served, so now they reign
As kings and priests above.

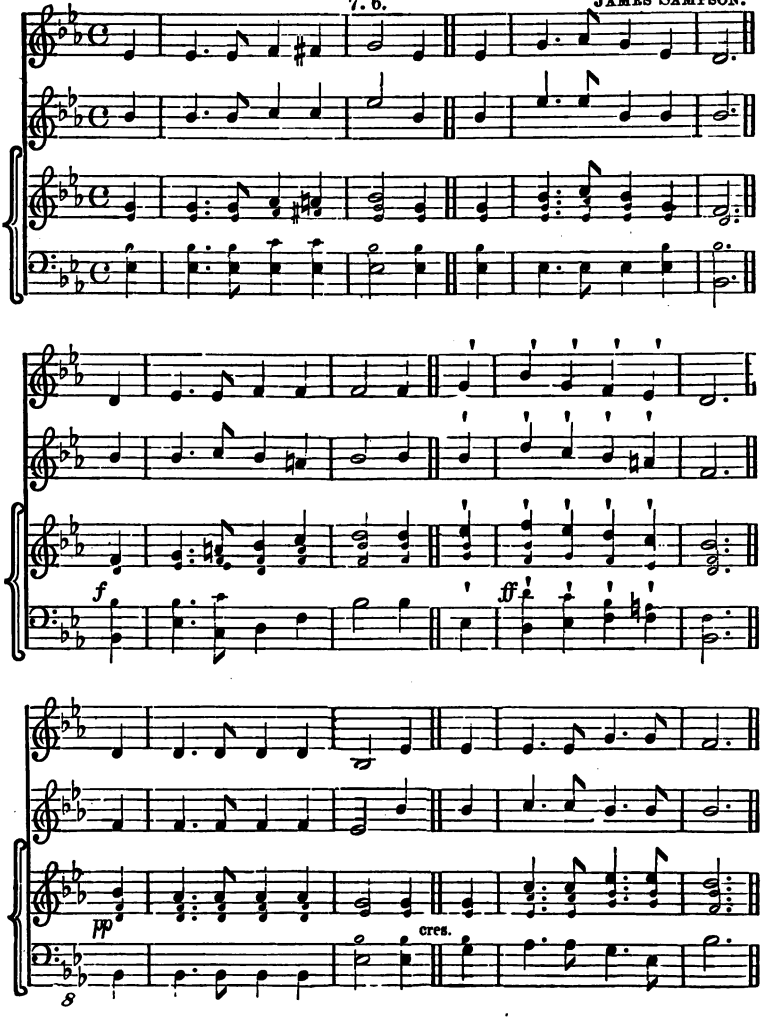
Thou heavenly Friend! thou heavenly Friend!
O teach us how to pray;
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

MRS. PARSON.

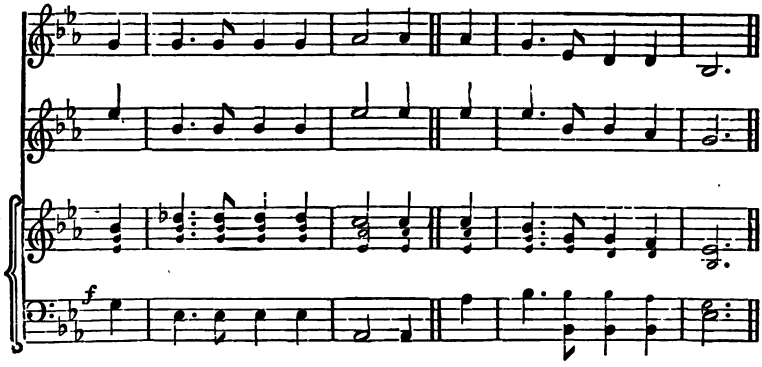
5. I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

7. 6.

JAMES SAMPSON.



I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

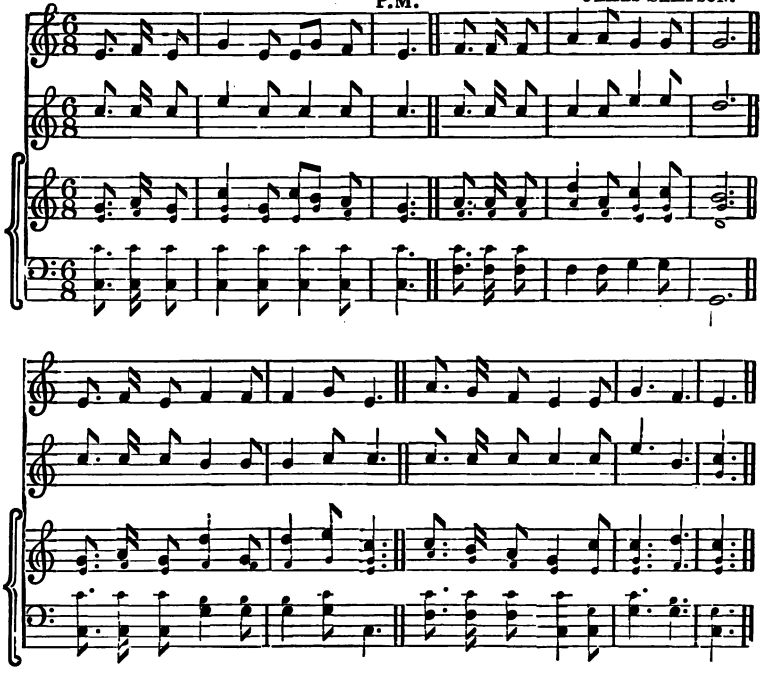
I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear.
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand angels
Would praise Him day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

Oh, then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

6. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Beautiful Zion, built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God its light!

Beautiful trees, for ever there;
Beautiful fruits they always bear;
Beautiful rivers gliding by;
Beautiful fountains never dry!

Beautiful light without the sun;
Beautiful day, revolving on;
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold;
Beautiful streets of shining gold!

Beautiful Heaven where all is light;
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful songs that never tire;
Beautiful harps through all the choir!

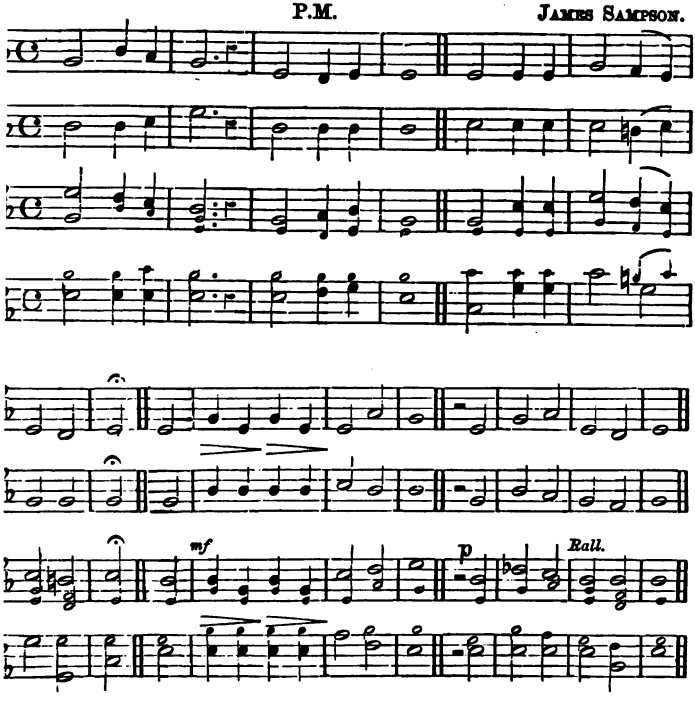
Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there!

Beautiful throne for God the Lamb;
Beautiful seats at God's right hand
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace!

G. GILL.

7. JUST AS I AM.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



1s I am—without one plea,
hat Thy blood was shed for me;
:hat Thou bid'st me come to thee,
) Lamb of God, I come!

1s I am—and waiting not
l my soul of one dark blot; [spot,
1ee, whose blood can cleanse each
) Lamb of God, I come!

1s I am—though tossed about
many a conflict, many a doubt,
ings within, and fears without,
) Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

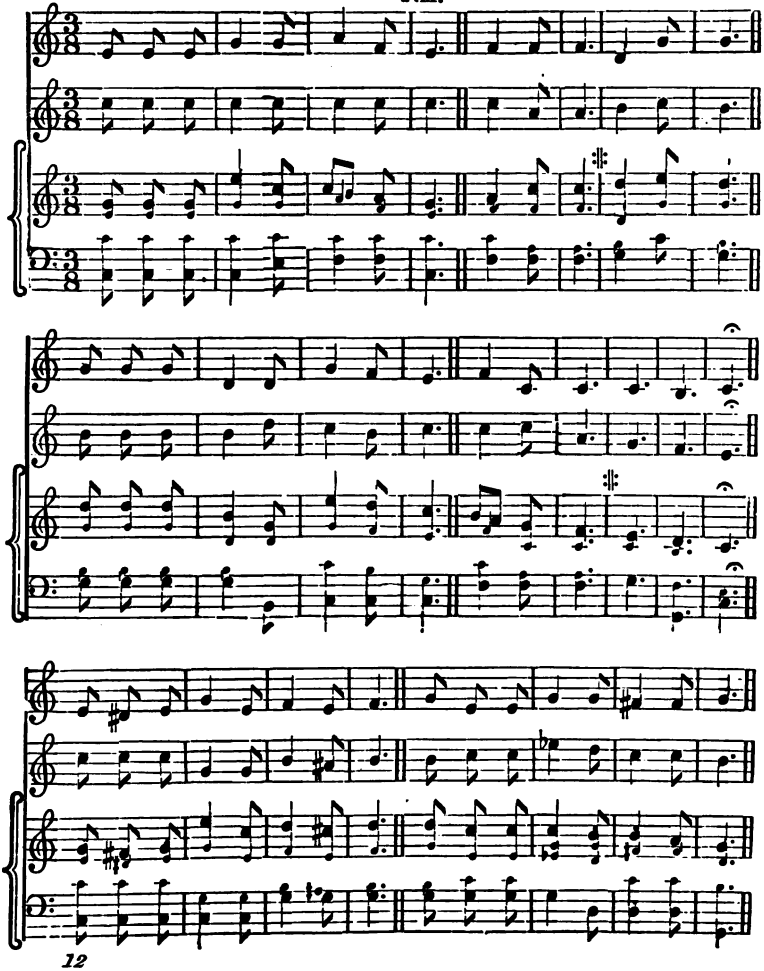
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

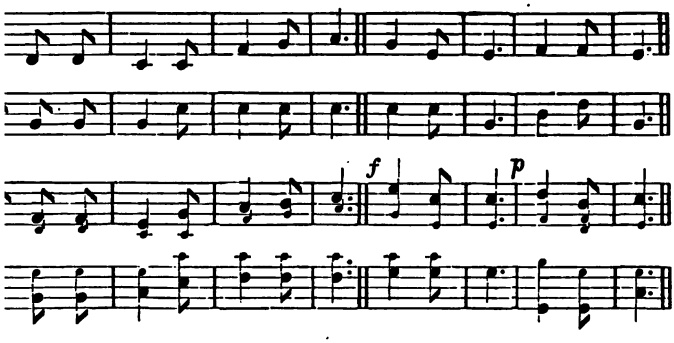
C. ELLIOTT.

8. ALL IS WELL.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



ALL IS WELL.



a sweet voice ringing clear,
All is well!
y Father's voice I hear,
All is well!
er I walk that voice is heard:
y God, my Father's word,
not, but trust; I am the Lord:
All is well!"

)y days I love to sing,
All is well!
ounding songs I spread the wing,
All is well!
from out my prison bars,
an's hate my transport mars;
nd sing beyond the stars,
All is well!

But then, when darker days come on,
All is well!
I sigh that I am far from home,
All is well!
Then, like a dove far from her nest,
I mourn to be for ever blest:
I know there is a land of rest,
All is well!

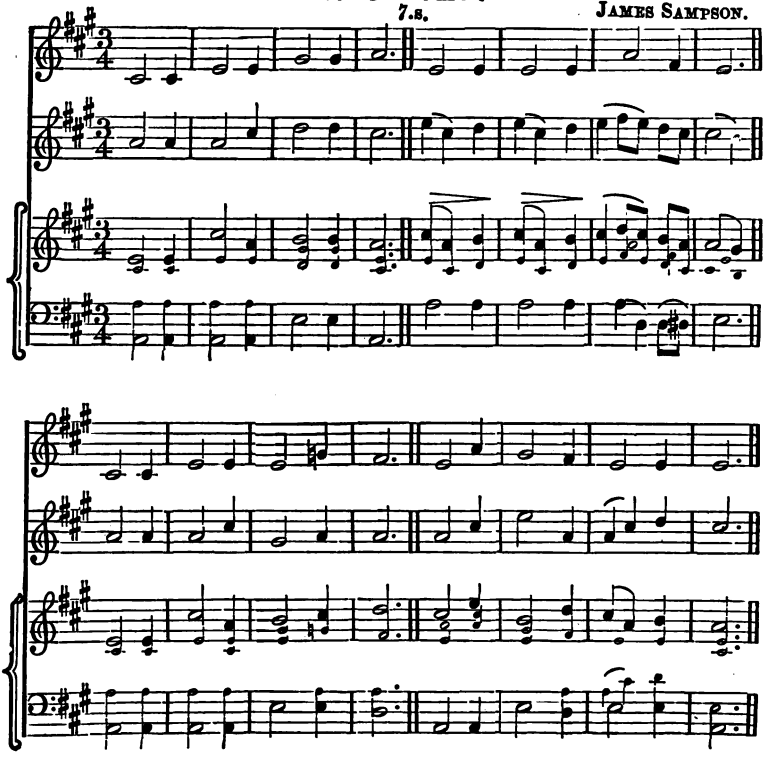
Clouds cannot long obscure my sight,
All is well!
I know there is a land of light,
All is well! [day,
From strength to strength, from day to
I tread along the world's highway;
Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well!

In morning hours serene and bright,
All is well!
In evening hours, or darkening night,
All is well!
And when to Jordan's side I come,
'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
Oh, let me sing as I go home,
All is well!

PAXTON HOOD.

9. OLIVET.

7.s. JAMES SAMPSON.

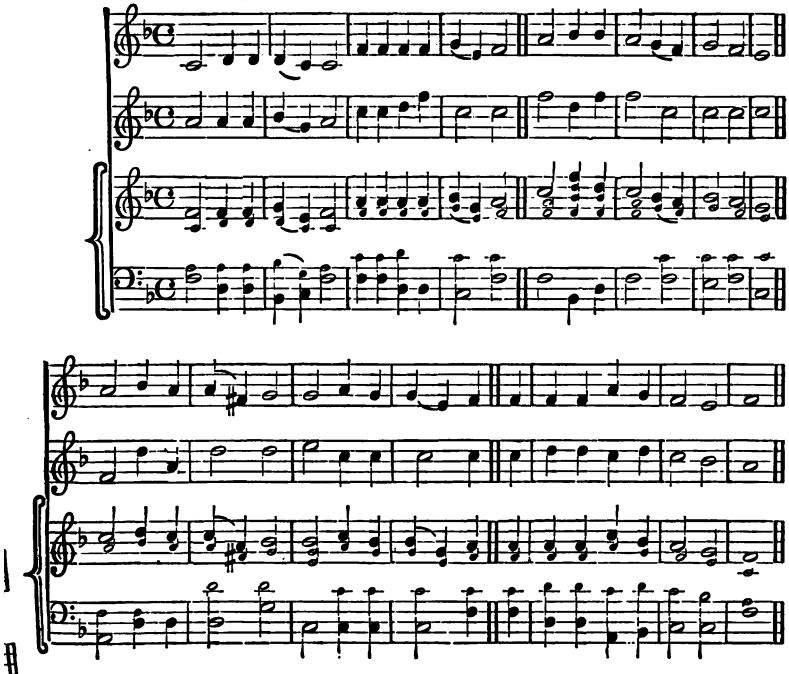


'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MARY MASTERS, 1795.

10. "FAIREST LORD JESUS."



Fairest Lord Jesus, ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honour,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

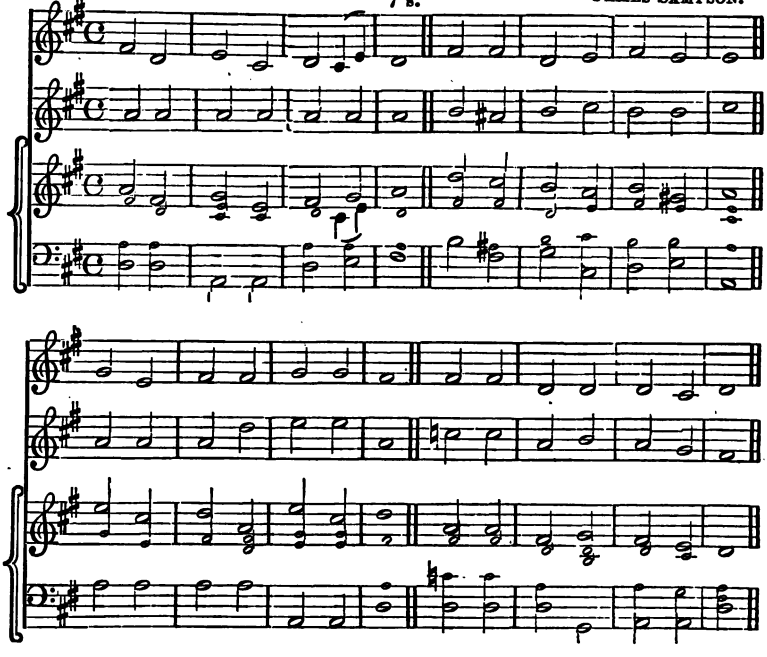
Fair are the meadows; fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonshine,
And the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines fairer, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

*** The hymn and music said to be found in the helmet of a Crusader.

11. BETHANY.

7's. JAMES SAMPSON.



For a season call'd to part,
  Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
  Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
  Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
  All our souls in safety keep.

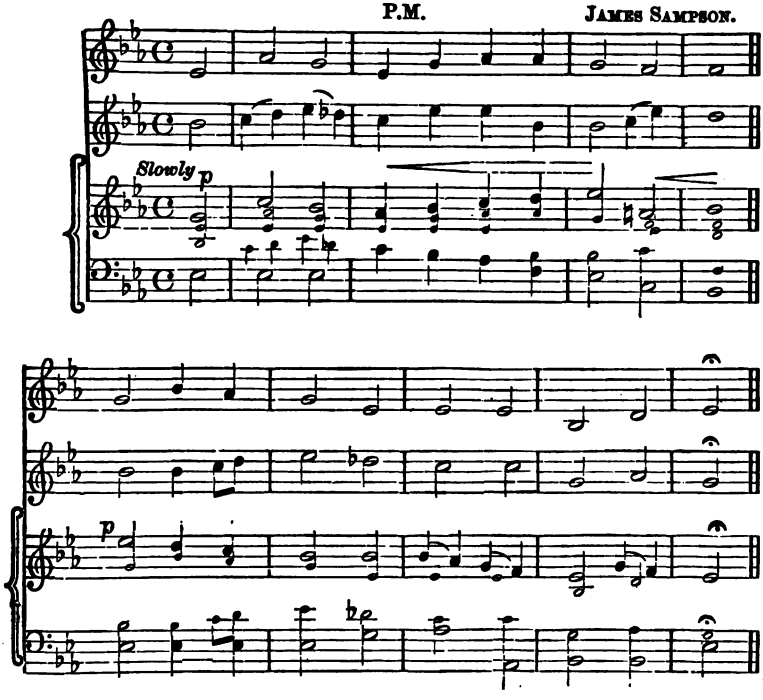
What we each have now been taught,
  Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
  Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if thou instruction bless,
  Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express
  Here on earth and when in heaven.

NEWTON.

12. OUR FATHER.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Our Father! What a mase is here
Of grace!
That He so closely should draw near
Our race!

Our Father! Oh endearing name
Of love:
Whom ransomed spirits call the same
Above.

Our Father! How that name gives rise
To praise!
The soul unending anthems sighs
To raise.

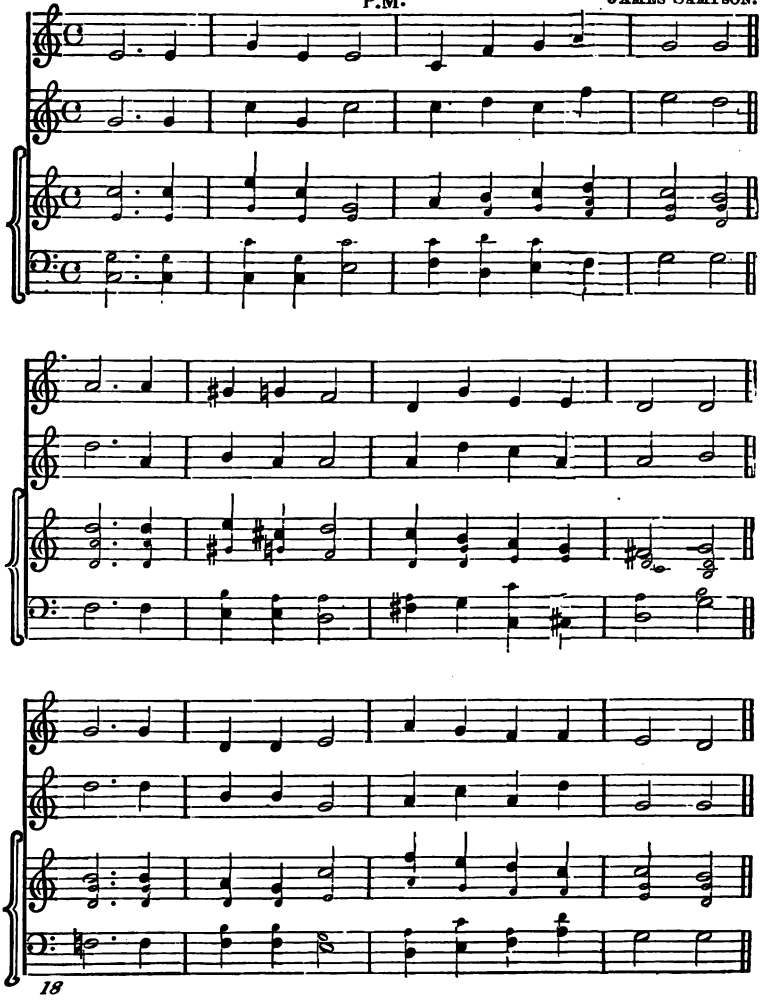
Our Father! we Thy children wait
For home;
And bliss, earth could not compensate,
To come.

E. HODDER.

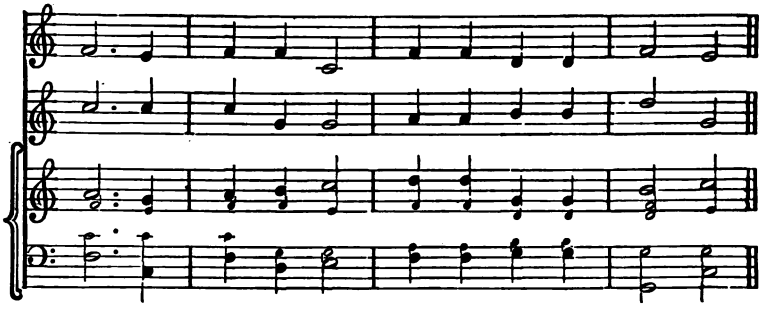
13. GOD ENTRUSTS TO ALL.

P.M.

JAMES SAMPSON.



GOD ENTRUSTS TO ALL.



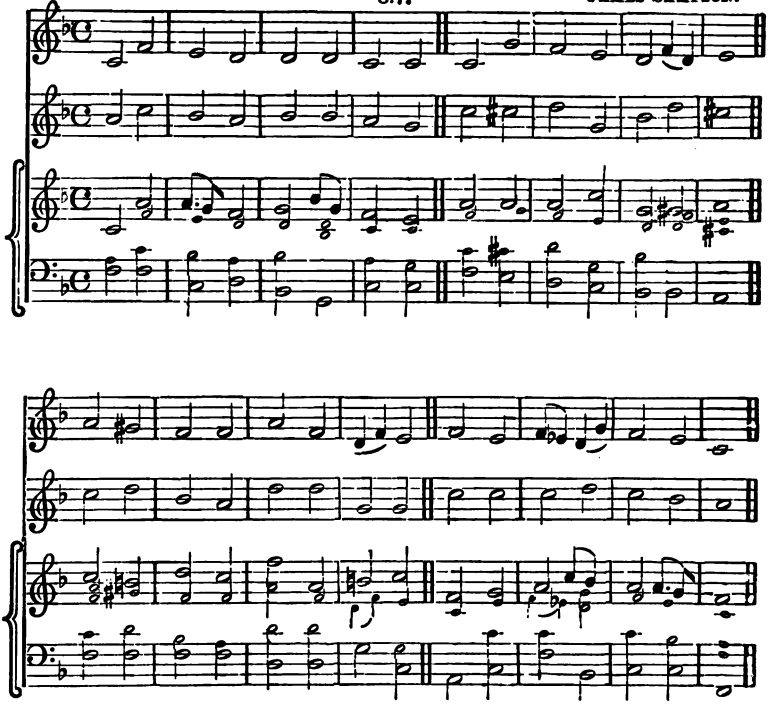
God entrusts to all,
  Talents few or many;
None so young and small,
  That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
  Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
  And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
  Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
  Which to me was given.
Little drops of rain
  Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
  Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
  Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
  Helps to swell the treasure.
God entrusts to all,
  Talents few or many;
None so young and small,
  That they have not any.—EDMESTON.

14. GETHSEMANE.

8.7. JAMES SAMPSON.



Blessed are the poor in spirit,
Those who know and feel their need,
Those who feel that not their merit
Brings them help in time of need.

Blessed, too, are all the mourners,
Those who grieve because of sin,
Though surrounded now by scorners,
They a crown of joy shall win.

Blessed are the meek and lowly,
They obey their loving Lord;
Follow Him, their pattern holy,
And receive their rich reward.

Blessed they who thirst and hunger;
Living streams, and living bread,
Come from Christ, the gracious Saviour,
Who of yore His people fed.

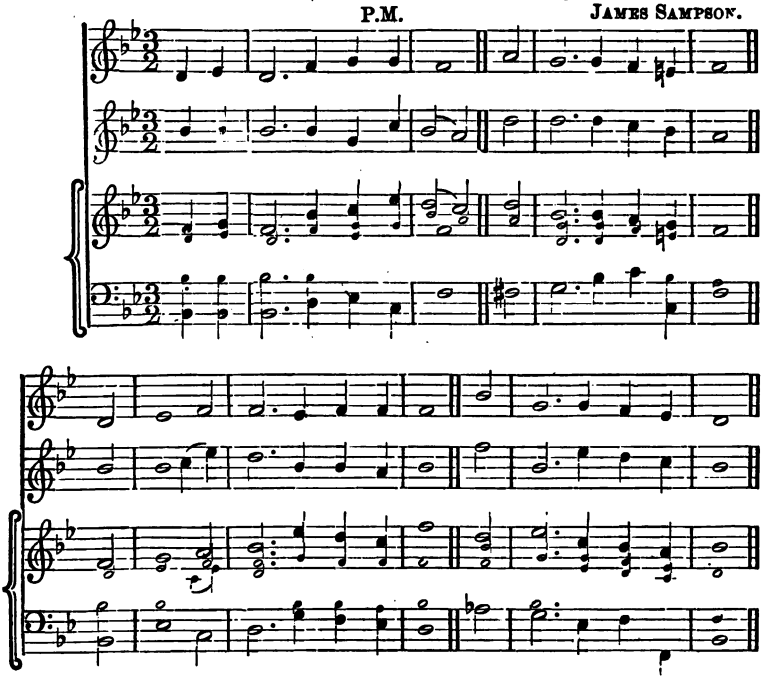
And the pure in heart are blessed,
They the Saviour's conduct trace,
And His footsteps follow closely,
Till they see Him face to face.

Present blessing, future blessing
They receive, who, sin forgiven,
And their blessed Lord confessing,
Make life's path the path to heaven.

E. HODDER.

15. WATCH AND PRAY.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And night will soon be here;
The end of all things is at hand,
And Jesus will appear.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And thousand voices cry,
"Prepare! prepare! the time is short,
His coming draweth nigh."

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And work is to be done;
The harvest must be gathered in
While lasts the summer sun.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And what a long, long night,
For those who cannot meet their Lord
With feelings of delight.

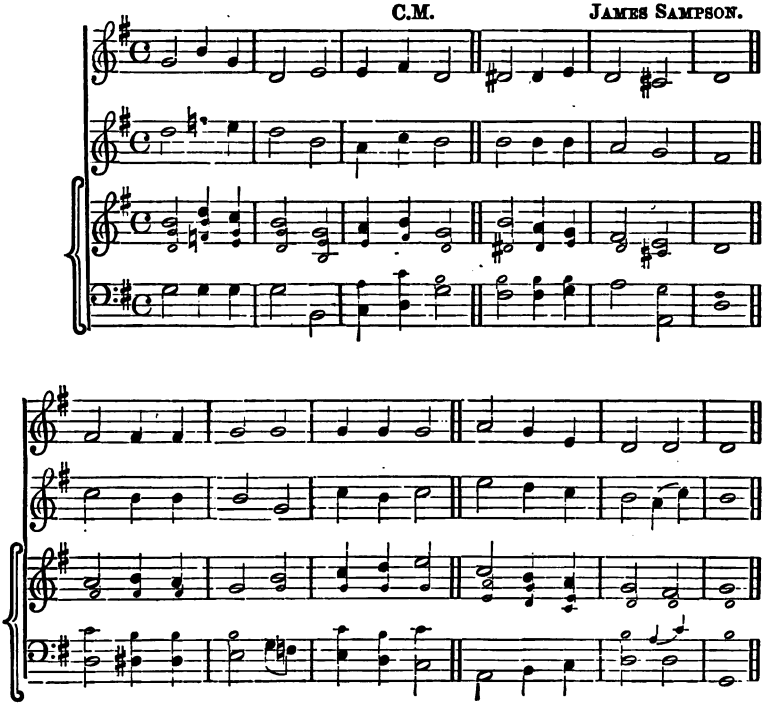
Watch and pray! say, children, say,
Are you prepared for home?
And can you cry, with voice of joy,
"O come, Lord Jesus, come?"

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
Oh! cry, while yet there's time,
"Lord Jesus, take my sins away,
And make me wholly Thine."

E. HODDER.

16. FATHER OF SPIRITS! WE ENTREAT.

C.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Father of spirits! we entreat
Thy gracious presence here;
While thus in health and peace we meet,
And hail the opening year.

We thank Thee that our favour'd band,
In rich abundance share
The constant bounty of Thy hand,
The tokens of Thy care.

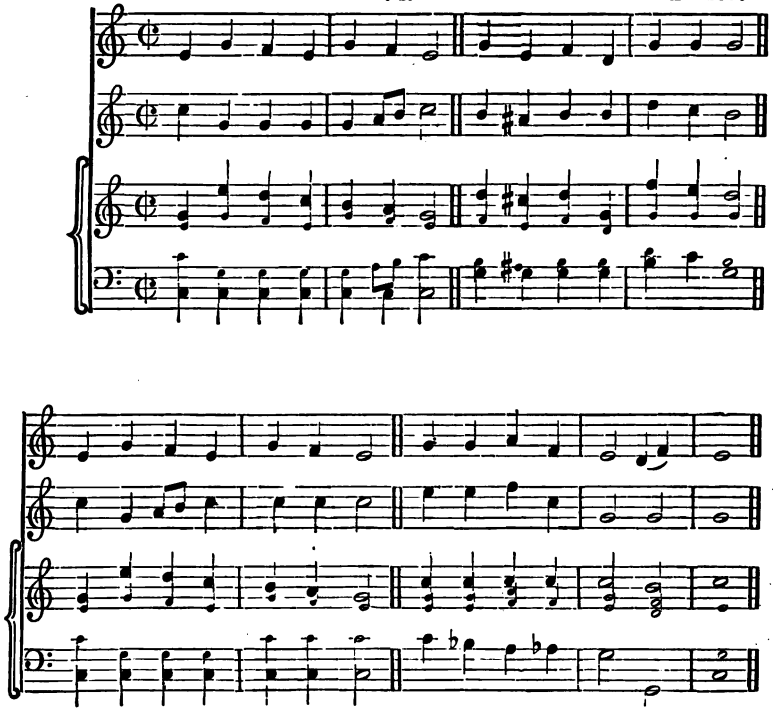
For mercies undeserved and free,
Which crown our youthful days,
God of our lives, we render Thee
This thankful hymn of praise.

But while we own Thy favours past,
We raise our earnest cry,
Oh give us blessings that will last
Through all eternity.

MRS. PARSON.

17. GOD IS LOVE.

7's. JAMES SAMPSON.



All things beautiful and fair,
Earth and sky, and balmy air,
Sunny field, and shady grove,
Gently whisper "God is love."

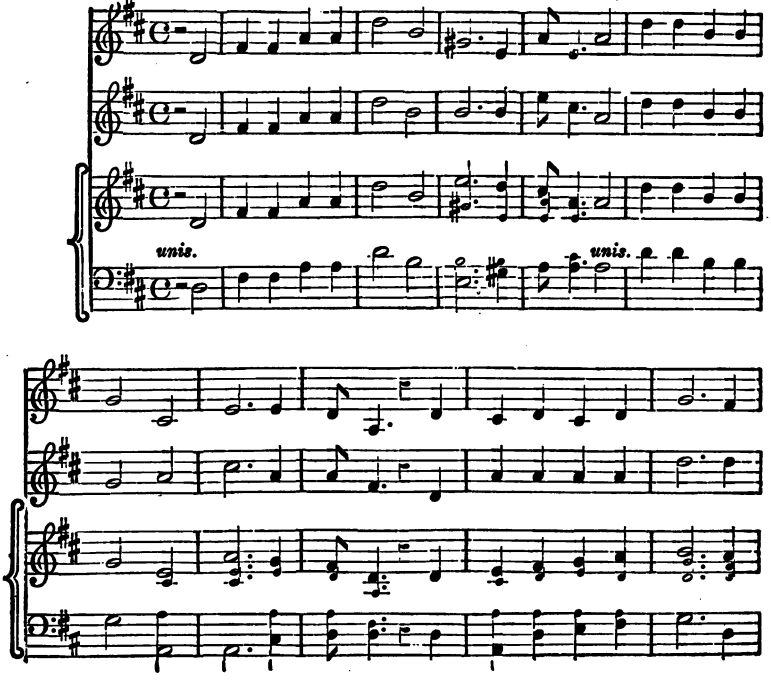
Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us, "God is good."

Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

He who dwelleth high in heaven,
Unto us all things hath given;
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love."

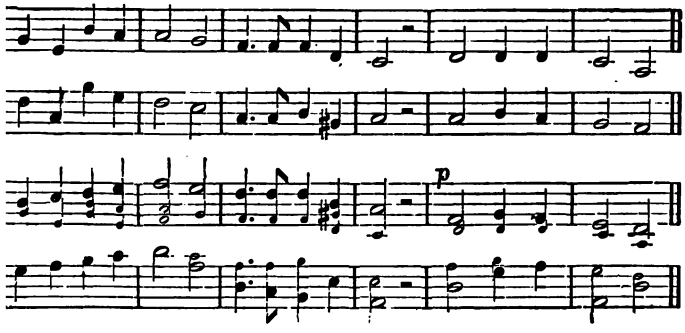
18. WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
Here's One will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Can make him once relent
His first avowed intent,
To be a pilgrim.

WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE.



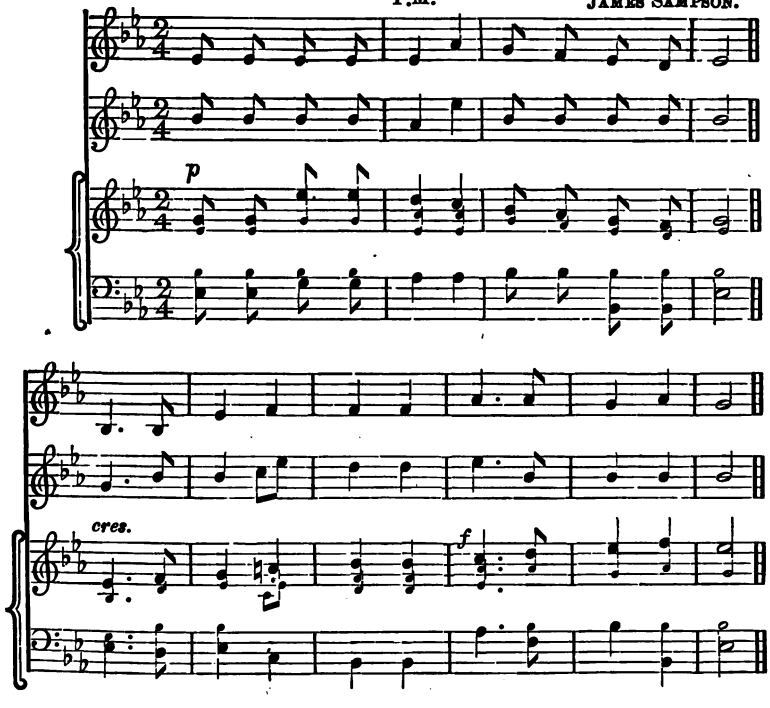
Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have the right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he, at the last,
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll not fear what men say,
But labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

19. LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

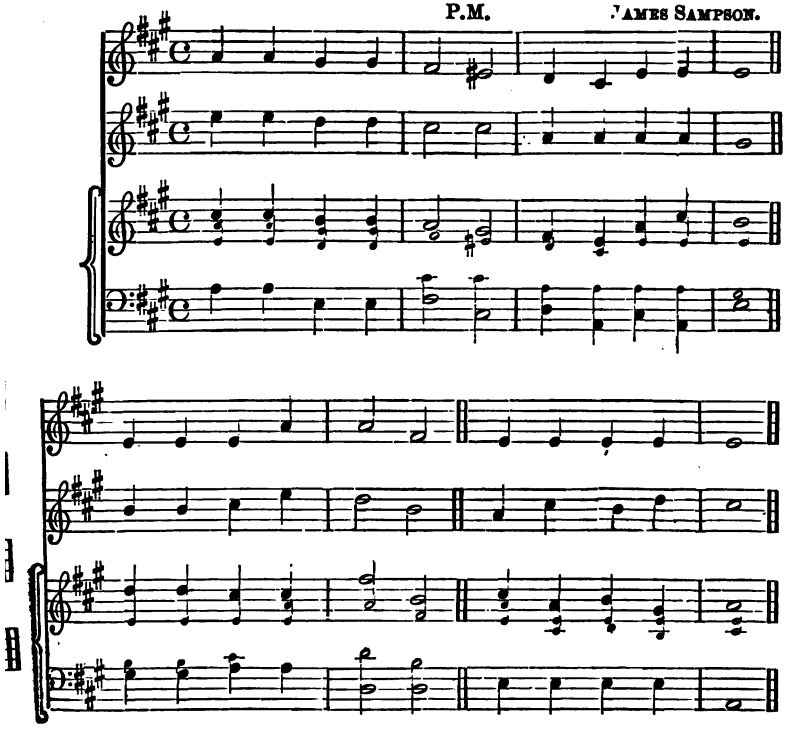
* So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Into sin to stray.

Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

* *The fourth verse should be sung slowly and softly.*

20. JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful,
In my heart to thee.

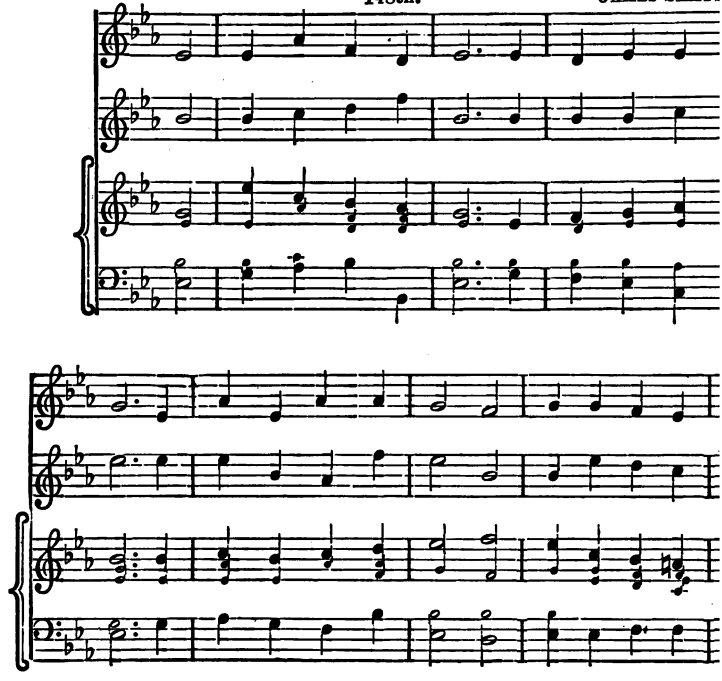
When the sad, sad story
Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

Now I know thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to thee.

Soon I hope in glory
At thy side to stand,
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

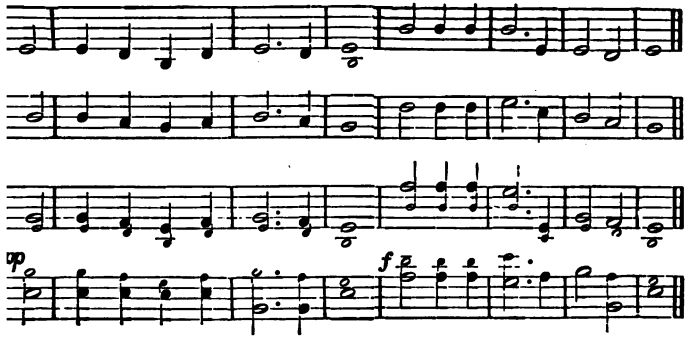
21. I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

148th. JAMES SAMPS



I love to think of heaven,
The land of perfect rest,
Where sin is all forgiven,
And endless joy possessed;
Where happy children ever sing
The praises of their heavenly King.

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.



I love to think of heaven,
And heaven's rich reward,
For all who here have striven
To seek and find the Lord;
There ransomed children ever wear
The crown that wreathes the conqueror.

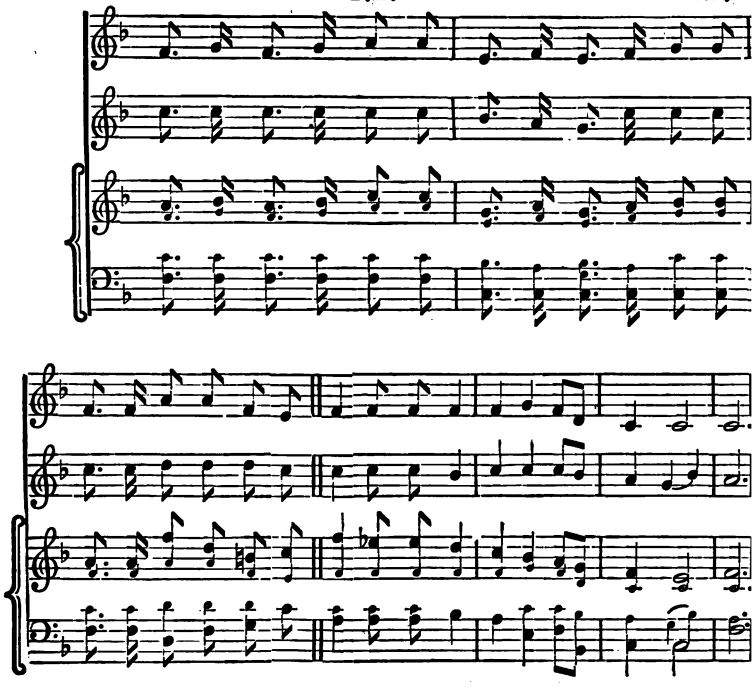
I love to think of heaven,
The bright and happy land,
Where cloudless bliss is given
To all the favoured band;
There holy children, through God's grace,
Behold their Saviour face to face.

I love to think of heaven,
The happy home above;
O may I ne'er be driven
From that dear place I love.
Lord, cleanse this sinful heart of mine,
And make me *now* and *ever* thine.

E. HODDER.

22. TIME IS SWIFTLY FLYING.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



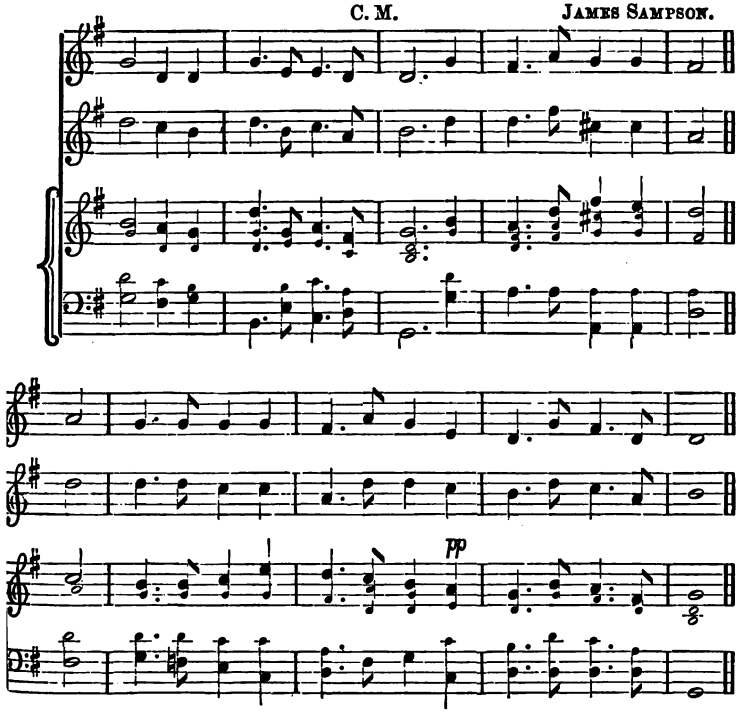
Time is swiftly flying,
Thousand tongues are crying
Loudly to the dying,
Be careful, be prayerful,
Christ died for thee.

Earthly hopes are fading;
Heavenly strength in aiding
Comes without upbraiding.
Be heedful, 'tis needful,
Christ died for thee.

Never then be scorning
Heaven's cloudless morning,
Brighter worlds are dawning.
Be grateful, be faithful,
Christ lives for thee. E. HOPPER.

23. "THERE'S NOT A TINT."

C. M. JAMES SAMPSON.



There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

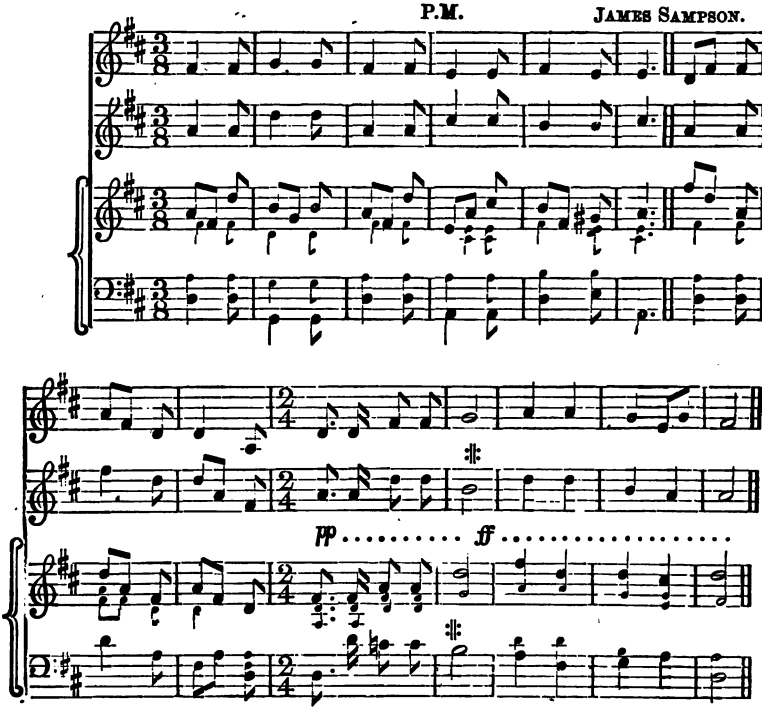
There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

R. HEBER.

24. "GOD IS EVER GOOD."

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
God is ever good.

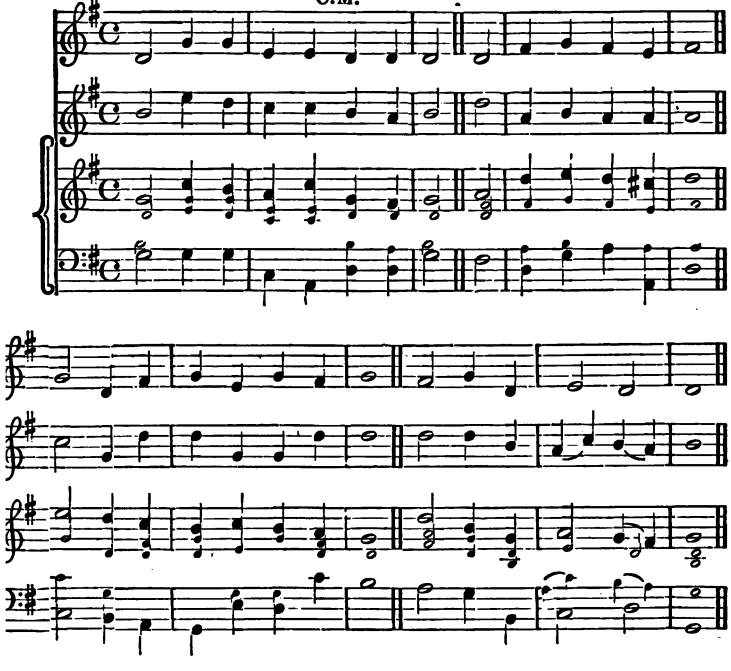
Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

In the lofty tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
God is ever good.

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

25. CHRIST, THE ROCK.

C.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



When scorching rays of summer sun
Oppress me with their heat,
Towards the shady rock I turn,
There is a cool retreat.

When parched with burning thirst I sigh,
Some gentle stream to know,
The rock sends forth a cool supply,—
There living waters flow.

When stormy blasts with ruthless shock
Beat round my trembling form,
I find beneath the sheltering rock
A refuge from the storm.

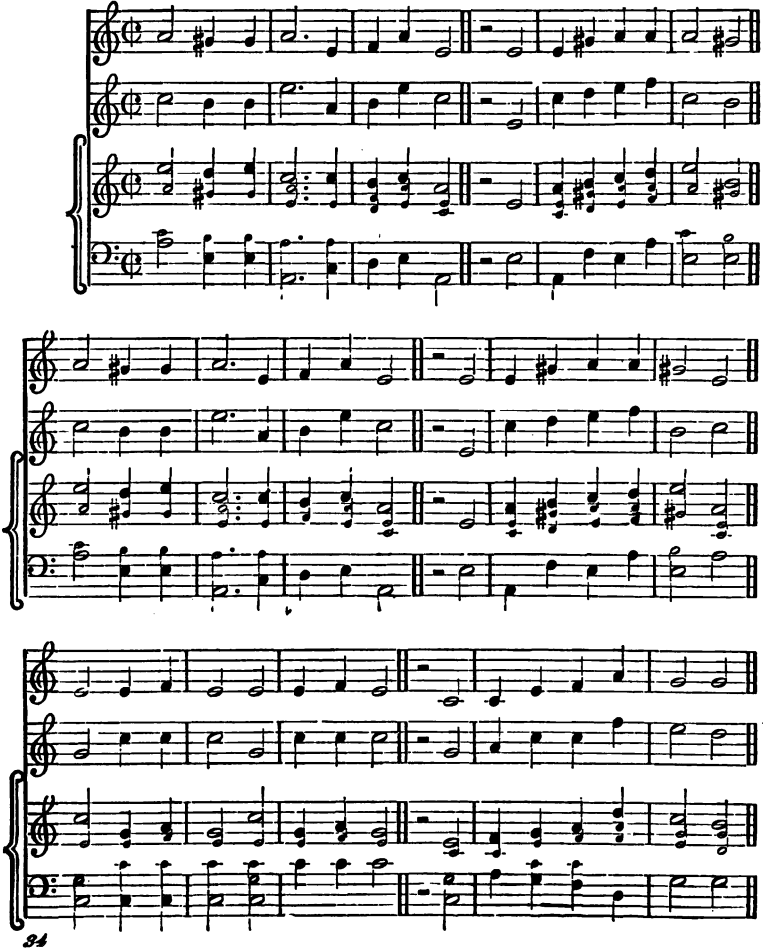
When life's strange scenes all change and shift,
And earthly structures fall,
Up to the rock my eyes I lift,
And there I place my all.

There is the sure foundation laid,
There I would seek to flee,
And trusting on almighty aid,
Find Christ that Rock to me.

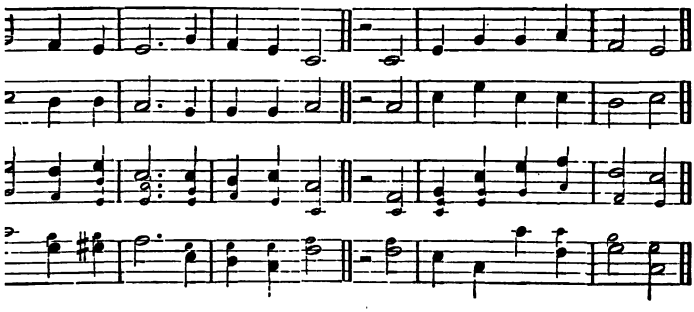
E. HODDER.

26. THE STRAY LAMB.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



THE STRAY LAMB.



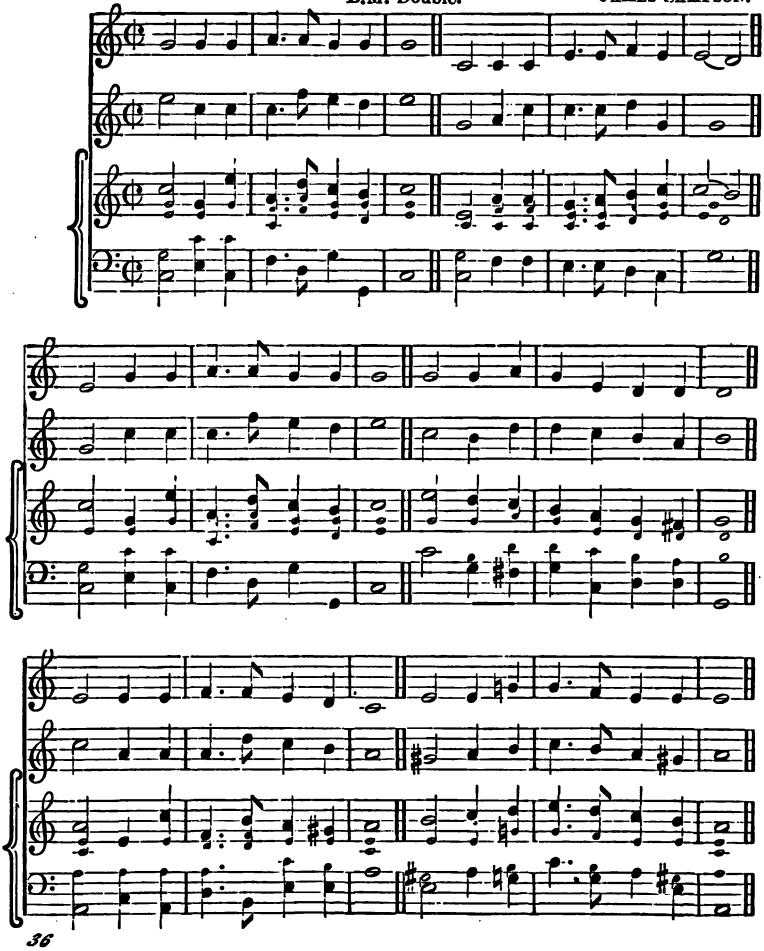
A little lamb one afternoon
  Had from the fold departed,
The tender Shepherd missed it soon,
  And sought it broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared His love
  Could from the search delay Him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
  Nor fear of suffering stay Him.

But night and day He went His way
  In sorrow till He found it;
And when He saw it fainting lie
  He clasped his arms around it.
Then, safely folded to His breast,
  From every ill to save it,
He brought it to His home of rest,
  And pitied and forgave it.

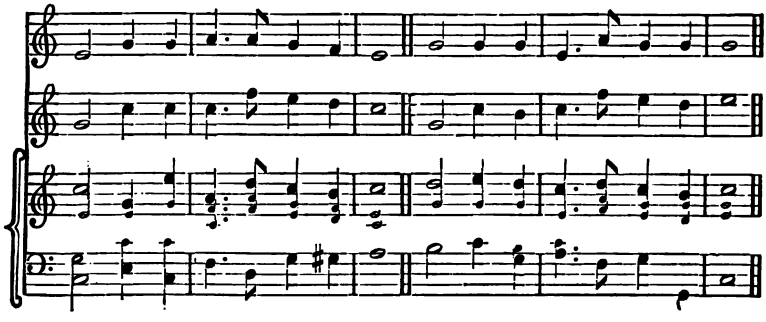
And thus the Saviour will receive
  The little ones who fear Him,
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
  And draw them gently near Him.
Blest while they live and when they die,
  When flesh and spirit sever—
Conduct them to His throne on high,
  To dwell with Him for ever.

27. WELCOME, SWEET MORN.

L.M. Double. JAMES SAMPSON.



WELCOME, SWEET MORN.

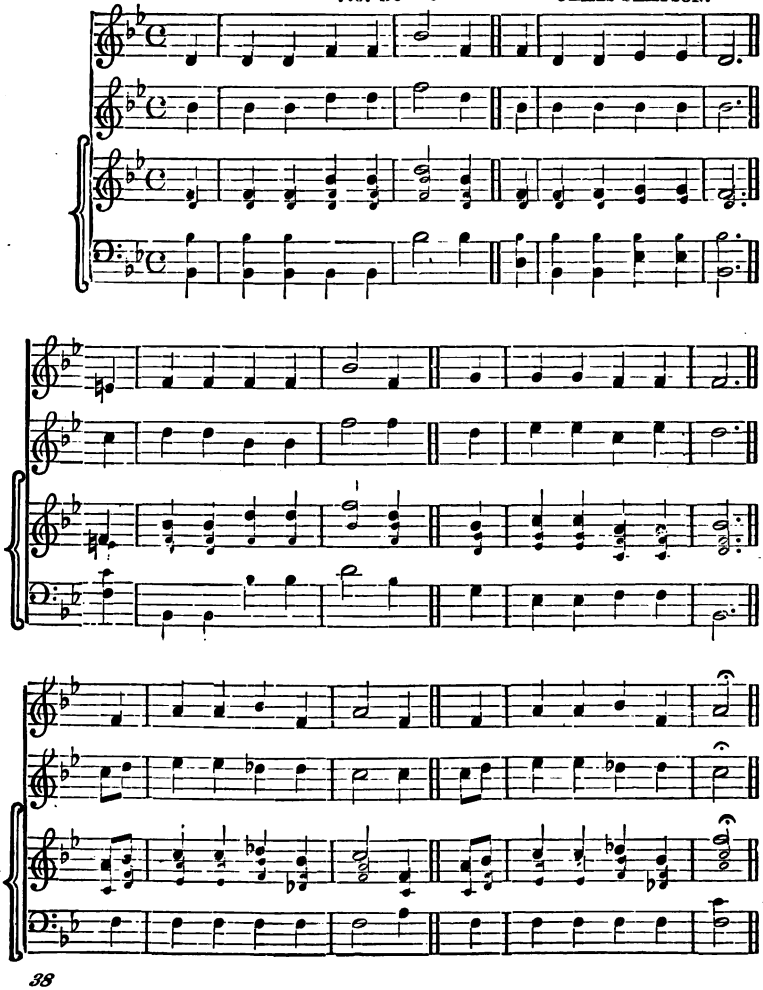


Welcome, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come, a happy, favoured band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.
Our grateful hearts would humbly pray
That He will bless our school to-day;
To Him our joyful notes of praise
With one united voice we raise.

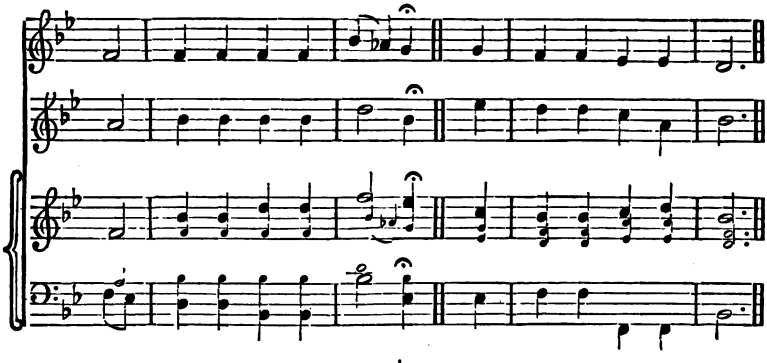
An offering to our heavenly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring;
And hope at last in His embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.
O, it shall be our constant prayer,
That we may here His blessing share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A joyful, happy, favoured band.

28. "THERE IS A HOLY CITY."

7.6. Double. JAMES SAMPSON.



THERE IS A HOLY CITY.



THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
There serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with Him in light.

The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.

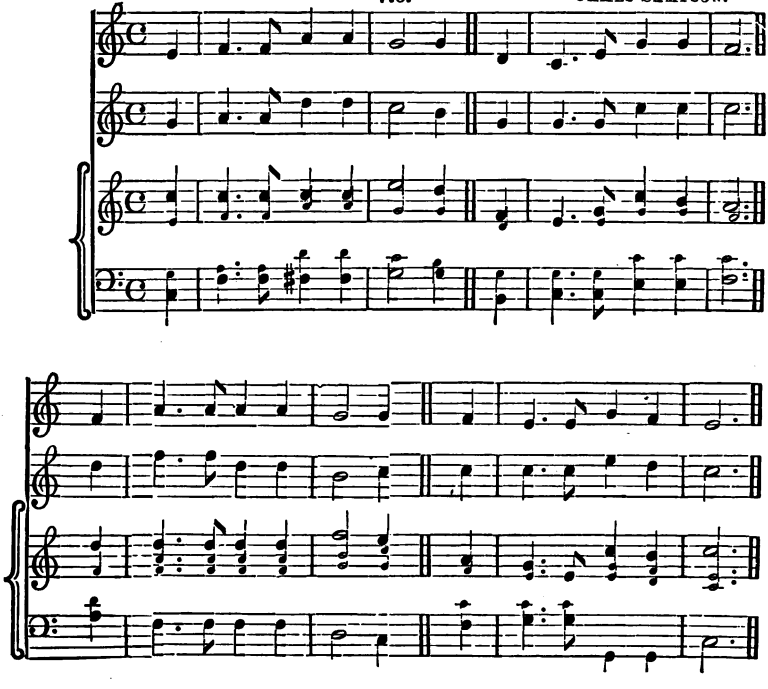
Is this the Man of Sorrows
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe.

The hosts of saints around Him,
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Is not for me to know;
In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high,
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

29. CANAAN.

7.6. JAMES SAMPSON.



There is a blessed heaven
Where ransom'd spirits dwell,
Their sins are all forgiven,
Their joys no tongue can tell.

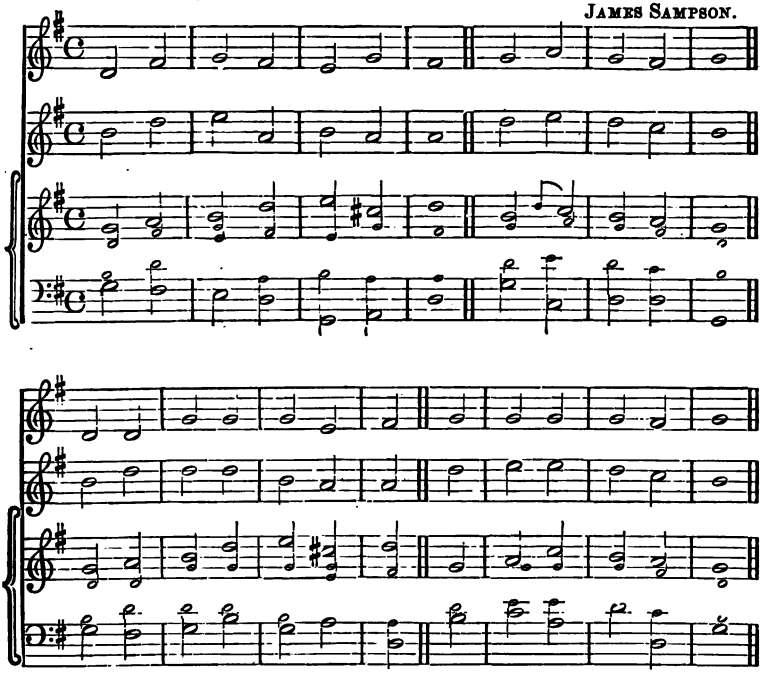
This is the heavenly Canaan,
The promised land above,
Where Anthems everlasting
Proclaim the Saviour's love.

O Canaan, blessed Canaan!
How sweet thy songs must be;
Bright, holy, happy Canaan,
We love to think of thee.

T. C.

30. SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

JAMES SAMPSON.



Search the Scriptures,—they impart
Life and love and light;
They can speak to every heart,
And fill them with delight.

Search the Scriptures,—they unfold
God's unbounded grace;
Learned by holy men of old,
And shown to ev'ry race.

Search the Scriptures,—they record
God's exhaustless power;
He who spread the world abroad,
Creates the little flower.

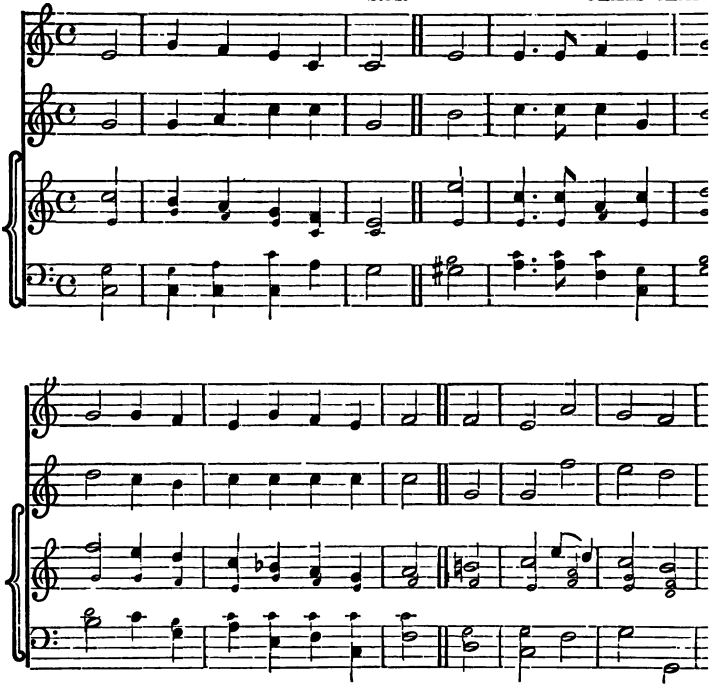
Search the Scriptures,—they proclaim
Jesus' boundless love;
All who love His precious name
Shall dwell with Him above.

Search the Scriptures,—they invite
All to Christ to flee;
Those who read His word aright
Shall His salvation see.

E. HODDER.

31. HARK! 'TIS THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

S.M. JAMES SAMPS



Hark! 'tis the Saviour calls;
How sweet to hear His voice;
Like music on the ear it falls,
And makes the heart rejoice.

"Ask, and my Father's ear
Shall catch your softest cry;
Seek, for my grace is always near,
A plenteous, free supply.

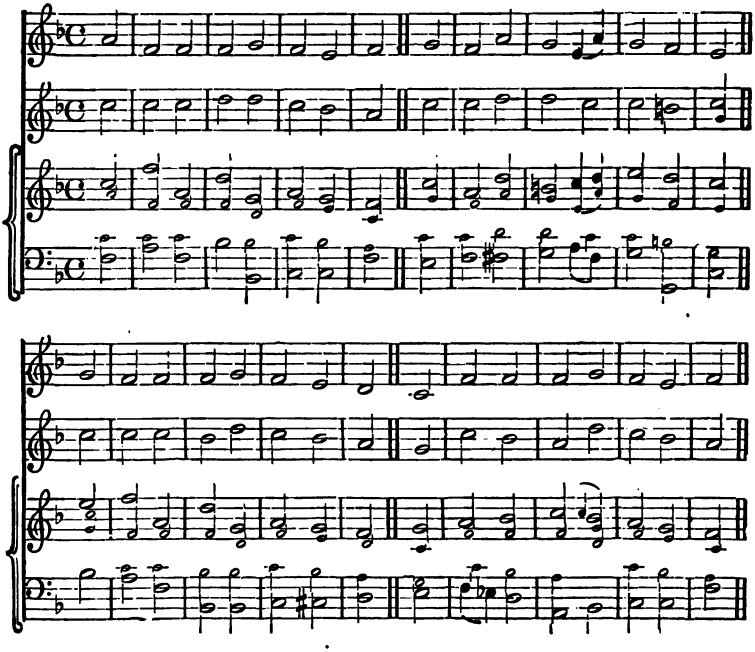
"O knock at mercy's door
With patient, humble mind;
And every blessing you implore,
Your thankful hearts shall find

Here we may join to pray,
And ask for pardoning grace;
Jesus will never turn away
When sinners seek His face.

MRS. PA

32. GREAT GOD, LET ALL OUR TUNEFUL POWERS.

L.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing Thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

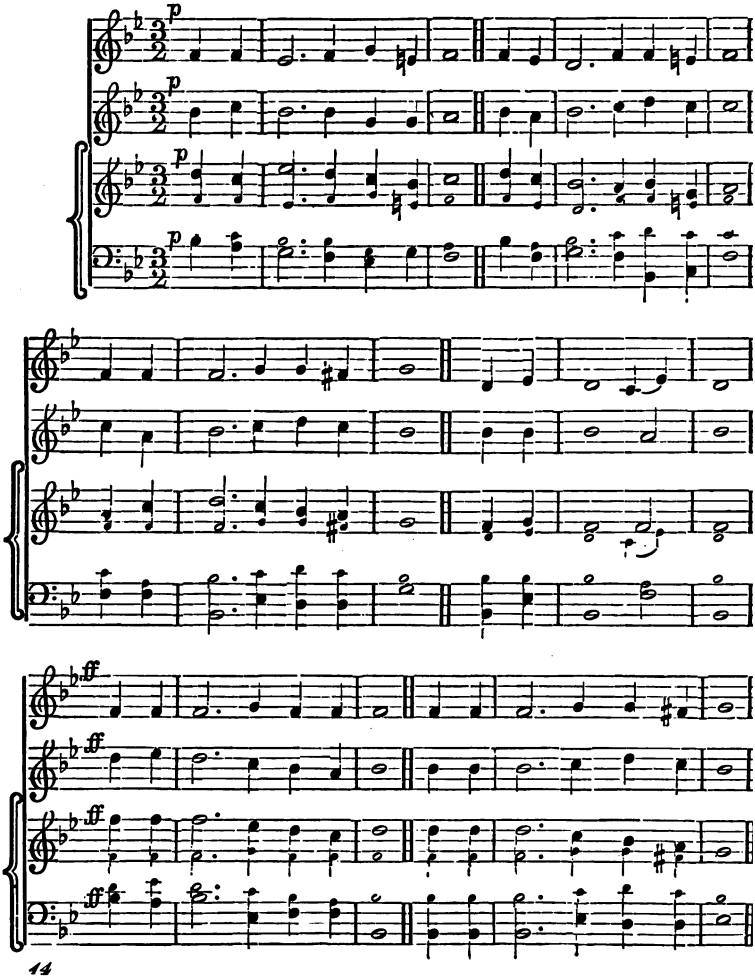
Seasons and moors revolving round
In beauteous order, speak Thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To Thee successive honours raise.

Each changing season, on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Brings countless blessings on our heads.

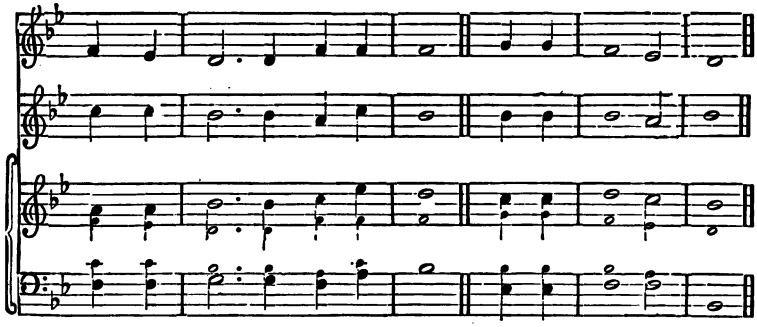
Our lives, our health, our friends we owe
All to Thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

33. LORD, WE BEND BEFORE THEE NOW.

Rev. James Mursell



LORD, WE BEND BEFORE THEE NOW.



LORD, we bend before Thee now,
And with one united vow,
To Thy sacred service now
All our lives resign.
Only, to each youthful heart,
Courage, patience, help impart;
Then, if Thou our Leader art,
Glory shall be Thine.

But, can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered host withstand,
And resist, with dauntless hand,
All their mighty powers?
Saviour, in Thy name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
"Saving help" is ours.

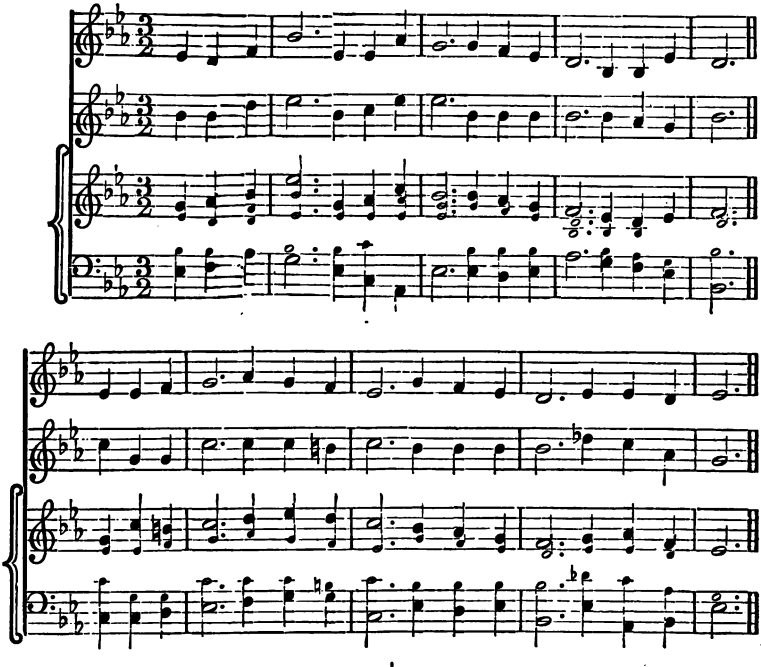
Far above our mortal sight,
Near Thy throne in shining light,
Happy spirits clothed in white,
Strike their harps and cry:
"Jesus triumphed when He rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes;
Now His faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory."

Saviour, if Thy cross we bear,
May we hope Thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high?
Hear us, then, we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day;
Let us 'neath Thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

MRS. PARSON.

34. COME LET US NOW OUR VOICES RAISE.

L.M. Rev. James Mursell.



Come let us now our voices raise,
And sing the loving Saviour's praise;
For He who sits in heaven as King,
Delights to hear the children sing.

He always lends a listening ear,
When children to His throne draw near;
And speaks in tones of love and grace
To those who early seek His face.

He knows what little children need,
And smiles when they His promise plead;
Then gently takes them by the hand,
And points them to the better land.

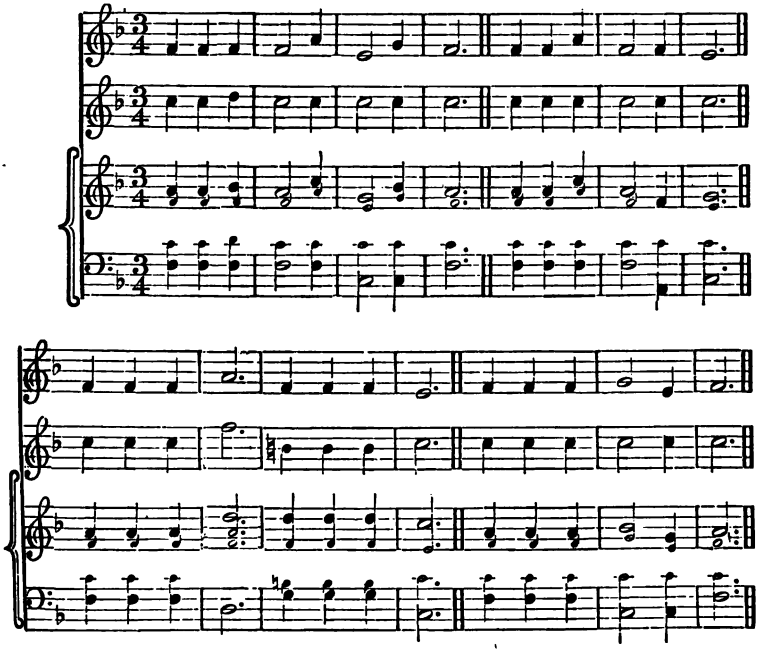
He knows how little children sin,
And yet He seeks their souls to win;
He points them back to Calvary,
And says, "I died to rescue thee."

Dear Saviour, now supply our need;
Now to Thyself our spirits lead;
Now change to flesh our hearts of stone,
And make us each and all Thine own.

E. Hodder.

35. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

C.M. (Radford.) Rev. JAMES MURSELL.



THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

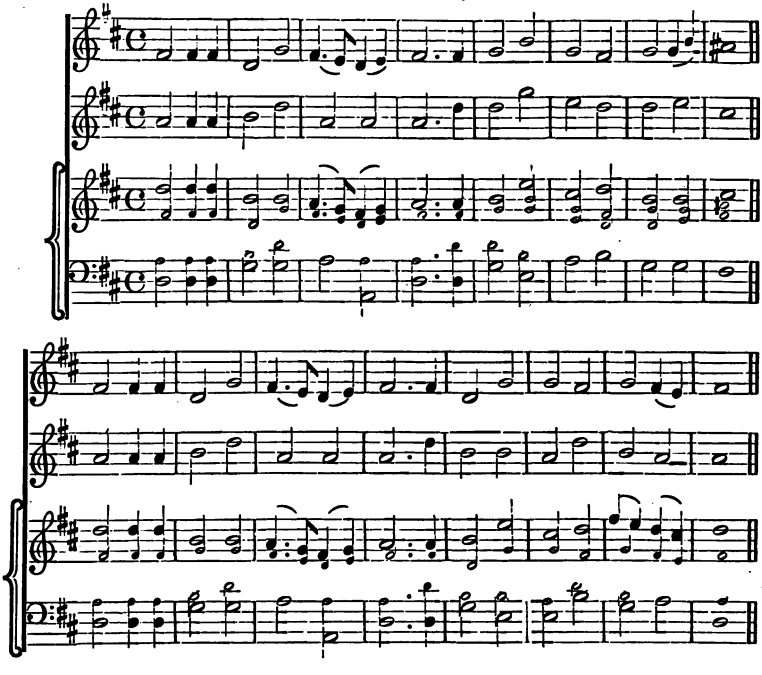
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

36. OH, WALK WITH JESUS.

L.M. (Kettering.) Rev. James Mursell.



Oh, walk with Jesus, would'st thou know
How deep, how wide His love can flow.
They only fail His love to prove
Who in the ways of sinners rove.

Walk thou with Him, that way is light,
All other pathways end in night.
Walk thou with Him, that way is rest,
All other pathways are unblest.

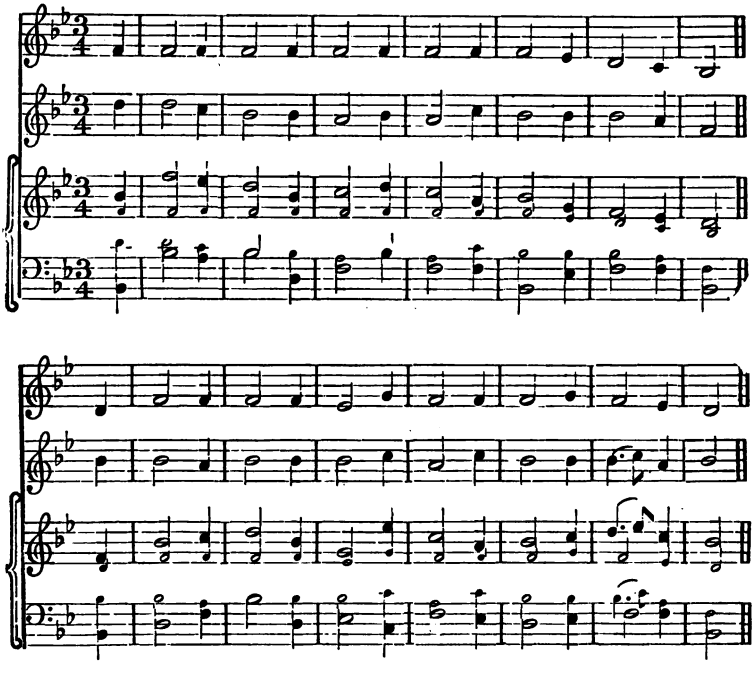
Oh, walk with Jesus, to thy view
He will make all things sweet and new,
Will bring new fragrance from each flower,
And hallow every passing hour.

Jesus, a great desire have we
To walk life's troubled path with Thee:
Come to us now, in converse stay;
And oh! walk with us day by day.

Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

37. OUR SAVIOUR'S VOICE IS SOFT AND SWEET.

C.M. Rev. JAMES MURSELL.



Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet,
When bending from above,
He bids us gather round His feet,
And calls us by His love.

He leads to heaven where angels dwell,
He saves from endless woe;
Our lips, our lives can never tell
How much to Christ we owe.

But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That Jesus bids us come;
"Jesus," we cry with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

They never heard the Saviour's name,
They have not learnt His way,
They do not know His grace, who came
To take our sins away.

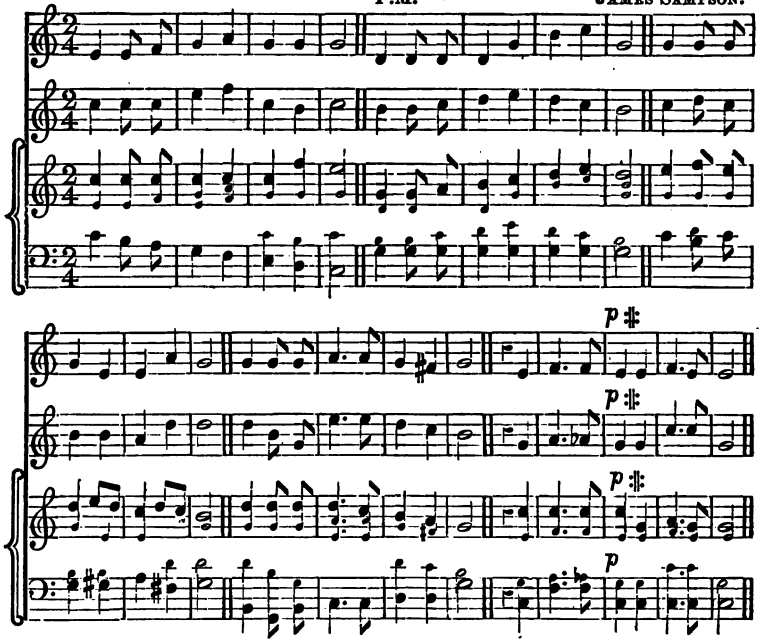
Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard;
And oh! wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

And if our lips may breathe the prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear;
O, let Thy power our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds here.

MRS. PARSON.

38. EMMANUEL.

P.M. JAMES SAMPSON.



Dark shadows fell across the way,
Light only shed a glimmering ray,
As onward marched a youth in haste,
Bearing a banner strangely traced
"Emmanuel!"

A narrow path his footsteps trod,
But he was well and firmly shod;
And as he climbed the frowning height
He clasped the waving banner tight,
Emmanuel!

Foes stood around in bold array
To stop him on his upward way;
But as he drew his trusty sword,
He shouted forth the mystic word,
Emmanuel!

And long and sharp the battle waged,
But still his zeal was not assuaged;
Though fiery darts were rudely hurled,
Aloft his banner was unfurled.
Emmanuel!

"Oh! cease the strife," soft voices said,
"Unloose the armour, rest thy head,
And sit where streams of pleasure flow."
But loud and fierce he uttered "No,
Emmanuel!"

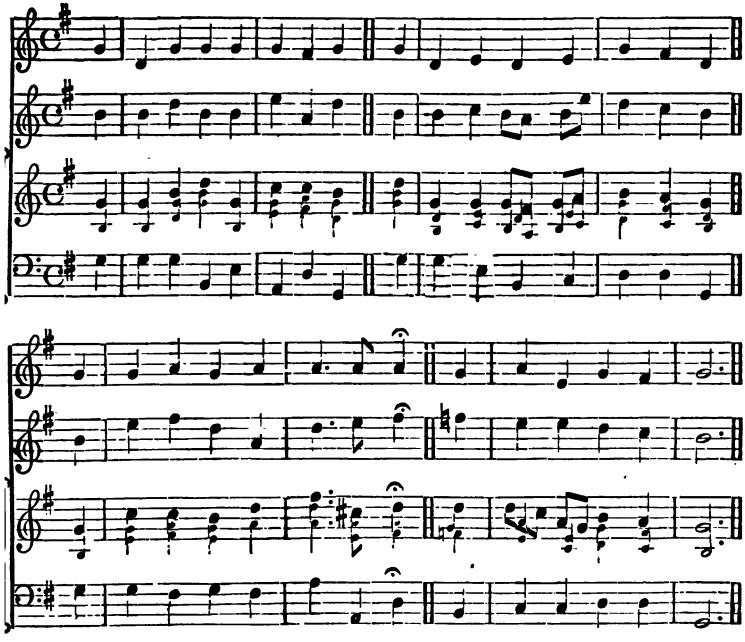
And when at last he gained the height,
A more than conqueror in the fight,
He planted o'er the path he'd braved,
The banner which for ever waved—
Emmanuel!

Then, when he laid his weapons down,
His Captain brought the victor's crown,
And on his youthful forehead placed
A mark thus curiously traced,
"Emmanuel!"

E. HODDER.

39. I CAST MYSELF ON THEE.

P.M. S. D. RICKARDS.



Lord, I am young, but full of sin,
And clouds of darkness lurk within;
Nought can I do Thy love to win.
I cast myself on Thee.

I daily err in word and deed,
Thy loving kindness scarcely heed,
I cannot, Lord, one merit plead,
I cast myself on Thee.

But oh! I know that Thou hast died,
For me that stream gushed from Thy side,
Thou, Thou alone my guilt canst hide.
I cast myself on Thee.

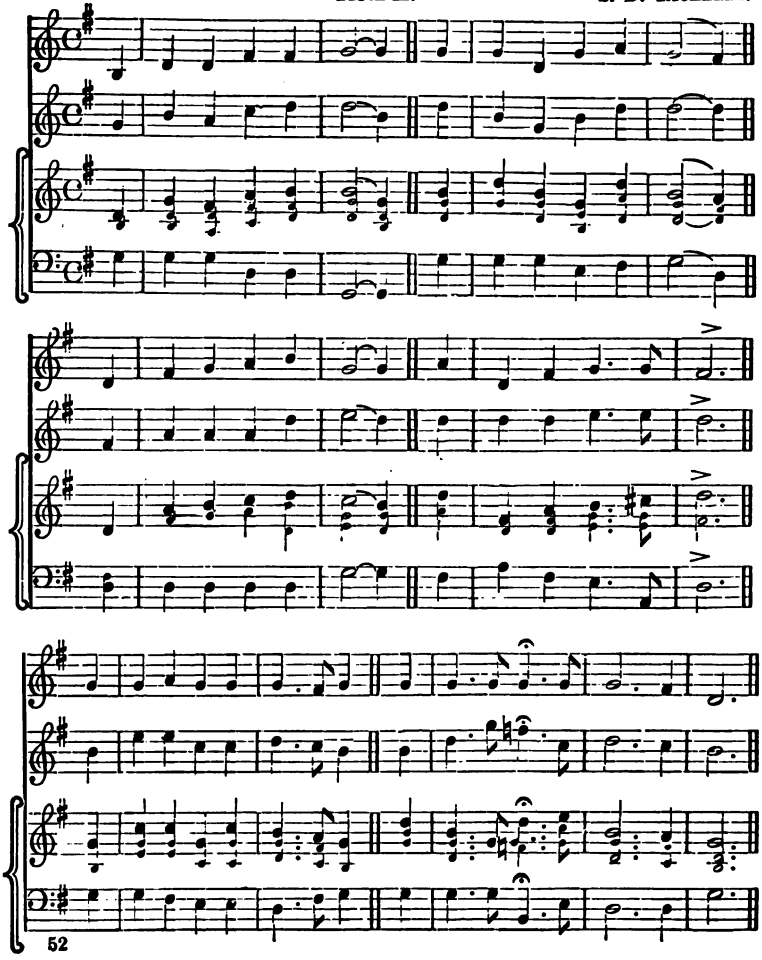
Thy sacrifice is full and free,
Thy precious blood my only plea,
O! let me to the fountain flee,
And cast myself on Thee!

O teach me, Lord, to look above
The passing scenes in which I move,
And resting only in Thy love,
To cast myself on Thee.

E. HODDER.

40. IN EVERY LITTLE FLOWER.

148th M. S. D. RICKARDS.



IN EVERY LITTLE FLOWER.

In every little flower,
Which decks the leafy bower,
In every shining star
Which glistens from afar,
There is a lesson taught to me,
"God cares for us, much more for thee."

And every tiny bird
Whose cheerful voice is heard
To sing some merry song,
Says, as it skims along,
"God loves to hear the birds rejoice,
He cares much more to hear thy voice."

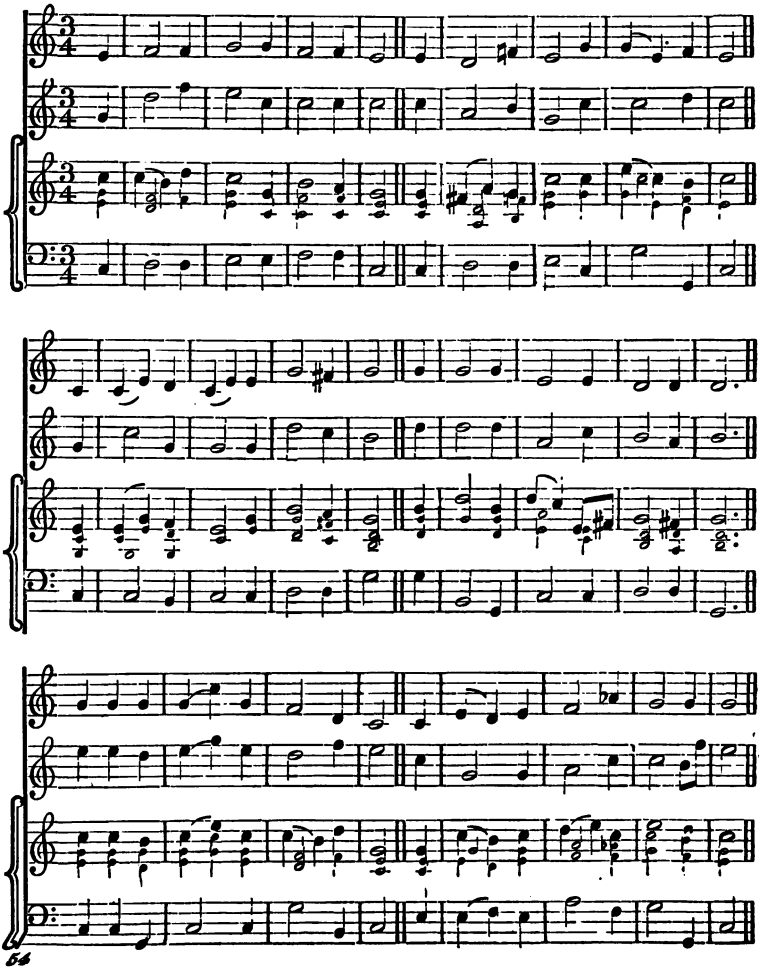
In every passing breeze
Which bows the forest trees,
In every drop of rain
Which slakes the thirsty plain,
There is a voice which says to me,
"We work for God: God works for thee."

All nature has a voice,
All nature can rejoice;
And every lesson heard
Is God's unwritten word,
Which speaks around, below, above,
And ever tells us "God is love."

E. HODDER.

41. SUFFER US TO COME TO THEE.

L.M. 6 lines. S. D. RICKARDS.



SUFFER US TO COME TO THEE.

Yes, there are little ones in heaven,
  Just such as we, around the throne,
To whom the King of kings has given
  Eternal glory like His own:
Jesus! Thy mercy rich and free
Has suffered them to come to Thee.

Oh let us think of them to-day—
  Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they
  In the same glorious heaven ere long:
Jesus! may this our portion be—
  Oh suffer us to come to Thee!

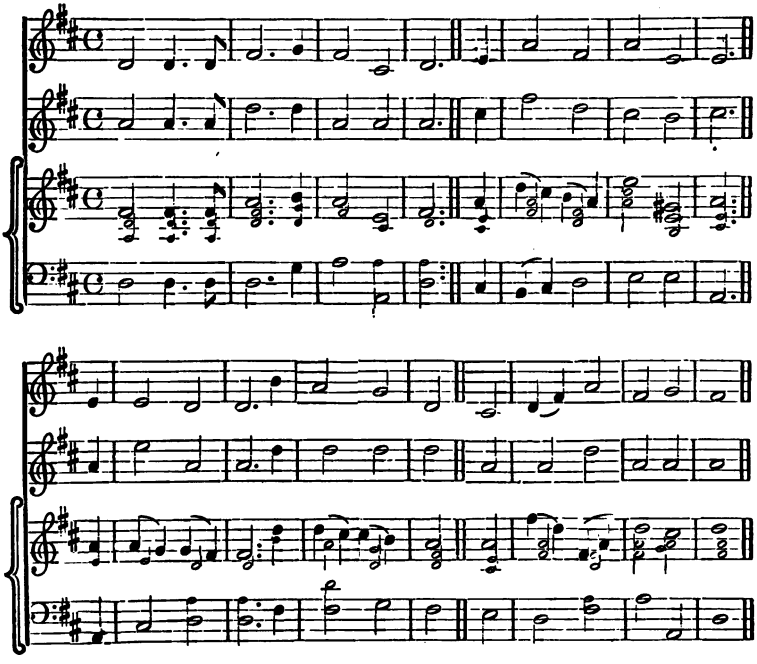
To come with humbleness of mind,
  With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek Thy precious cross, and find
  Peace—safety—joy—salvation there.
Oh set our sin-bound spirits free,
  And suffer us to come to Thee!

To come while we are young and gay,
  While life, and joy, and hope run high;
To come in sorrow's gloomiest day,
  To come at last, when death is nigh.
Lord! in that day our Guardian be,
And suffer us to come to Thee.

J. R. TAYLOR.

42. THOU ART THE WAY.

C.M. S. D. RICKARDS.



Thou art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

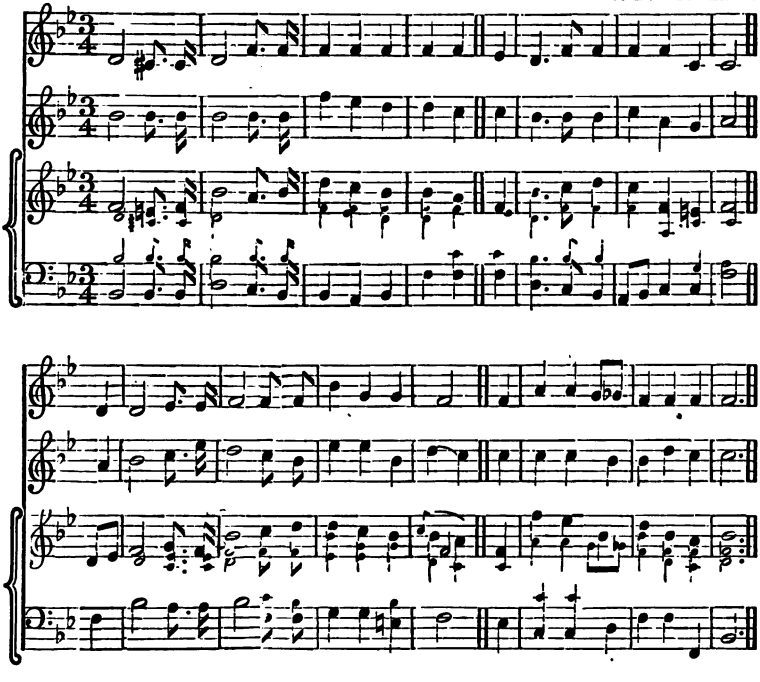
Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death, nor hell, shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that way;
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

DOANE.

43. COME UNTO ME, CRIED THE VOICE OF THE SAVIOUR.

11.8 S. D. RICKARDS.



"Come unto me," cried the voice of the Saviour,
And many a sorrowing breast
Rejoiced at the message of infinite love,
And went unto Him and found rest.

"Come unto me," cried the voice of the Saviour,
And many a wondering child
Was touched to the heart by His eloquent words,
And soothed when He graciously smiled.

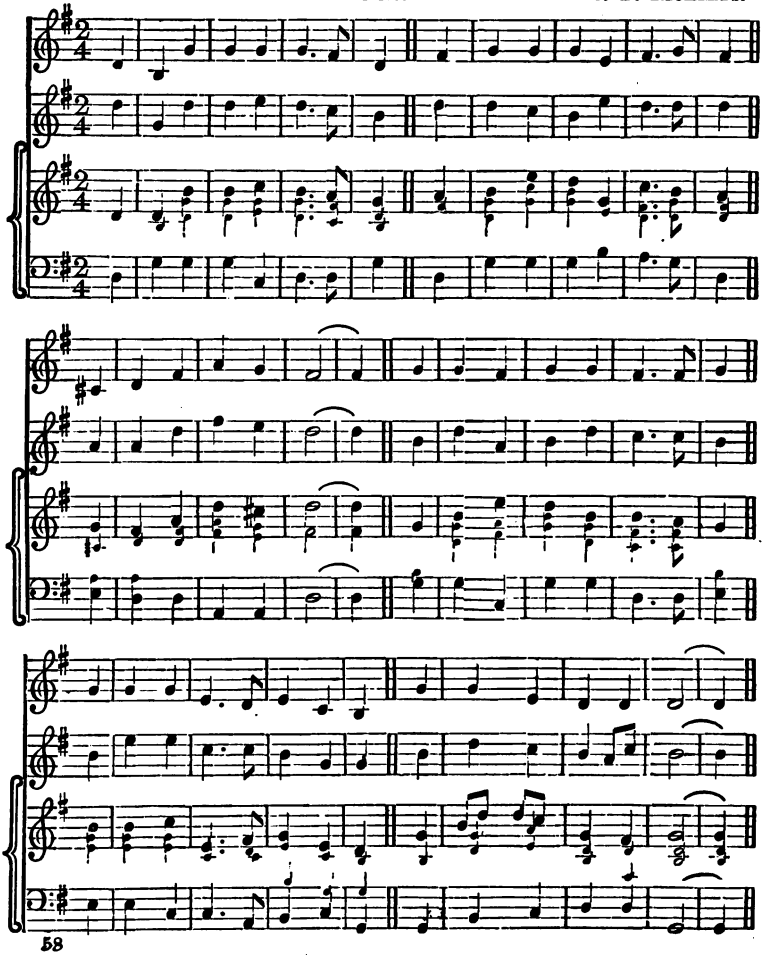
"Come unto me," cries the voice of the Saviour,
The Bible re-echoes the cry;
And all through the world the kind message is sent,
"Come, children, for why will ye die?"

"Come," cries the voice of the Bride and the Spirit:
Then why should we longer delay?
O now let us hear Thy voice speaking to us,
And come to Thee, Jesus, to-day.

E. HODDER.

44. THE LITTLE ONE.

8.8.6. S. D. Rickards.



THE LITTLE ONE.

And is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
  Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
  The helpless "little one?"

Oh yes, I've heard my teacher say
He never sent a child away,
  That scarce could walk or run:
For when the parent's love besought
That He would touch the child she brought,
  He blessed "the little one."

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
  Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
  And be His "little one."

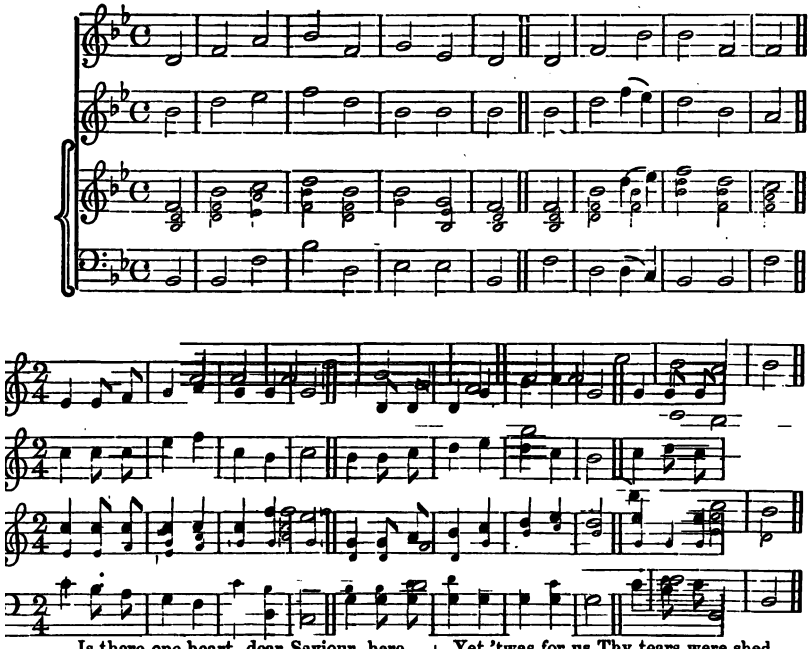
And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
  He once for sinners hung:
And having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
  To cleanse the "little one."

Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
  What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
  Lord, bless thy "little one."

Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led,
  Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this—
That I'm a little lamb of His
  Who loves the "little one."

45. IS THERE ONE HEART, DEAR SAVIOUR, HERE.

C.M. Partly from the German, by S. D. Rickards.



Is there one heart, dear Saviour, here,
That humbly seeks for Thee?
Now with Thy promised grace appear,
Let each Thy beauty see.

We read Thy power where'er we turn,
Around, beneath, above,
But to Thy cross we come to learn
The history of Thy love.

Thou Man of Sorrows, hearts like ours
Thy griefs can never know;
No youthful tongues, no mortal powers,
Can utter half Thy woe.

Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,
To give us life He died.

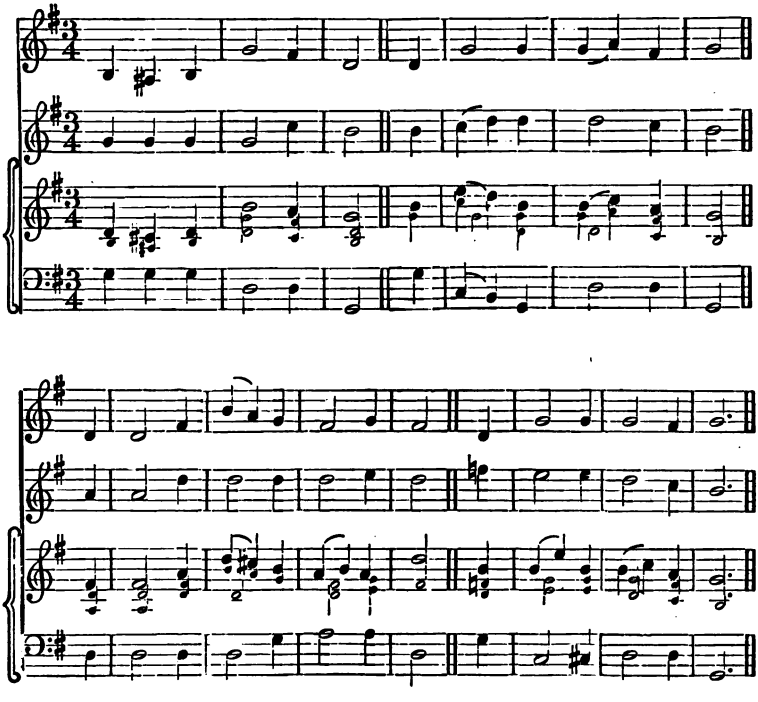
Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,
And never coldly turn away
From sacred Calvary.

Oft may we gather round Thy feet
To praise Thy dying love,
Till to behold Thy face we meet
In purer scenes above.

Mrs. Parson.

46. COME, LITTLE CHILDREN, COME.

S.M. S. D. RICKARDS.



Come, little children, come,
The Saviour calls you near;
He'll tell you of His heavenly home,
And gently lead you there.

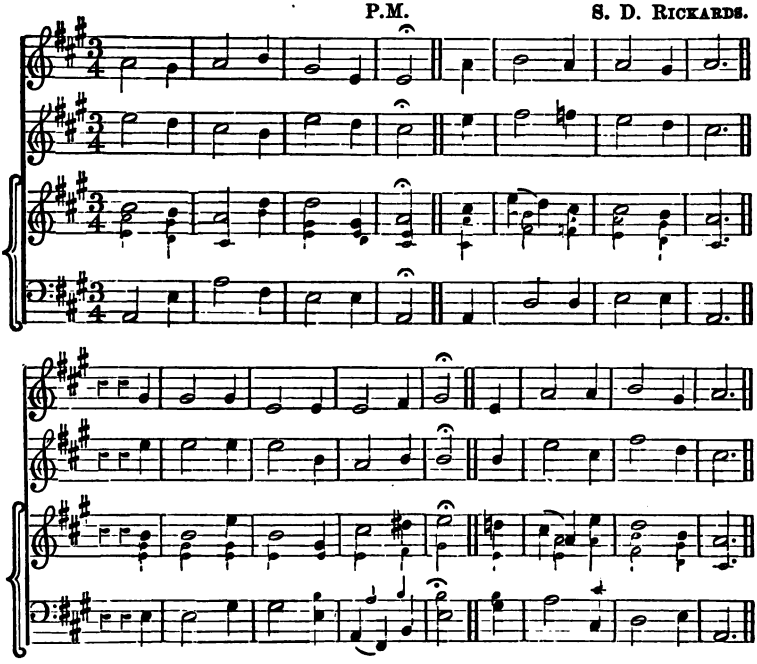
Haste, little children, haste
To be the Saviour's lambs;
Come, of His loving kindness taste,
And nestle in His arms.

Try, little children, try
To love the Saviour well,
Who left His home above the sky,
To save your souls from hell.

Pray, little children, pray,
That you may be forgiven;
And ask that God will lead the way
To Jesus Christ and heaven.

47. WATCH AND PRAY.

P.M. S. D. RICKARDS.



Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And night will soon be here;
The end of all things is at hand,
And Jesus will appear.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And thousand voices cry,
"Prepare! prepare! the time is short,
His coming draweth nigh."

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And work is to be done;
The harvest must be gathered in
While lasts the summer sun.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And what a long, long night,
For those who cannot meet their Lord
With feelings of delight.

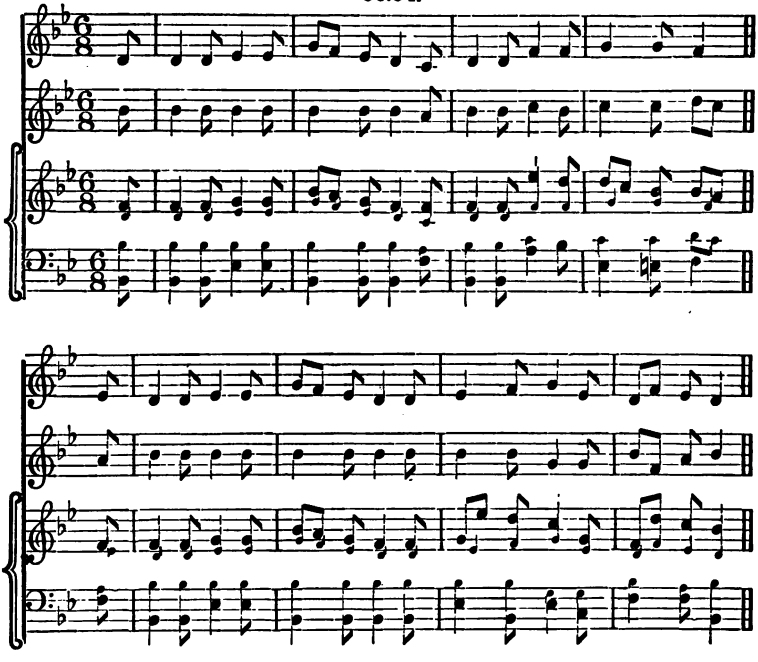
Watch and pray! say, children, say,
Are you prepared for home?
And can you cry, with voice of joy,
"Oh come, Lord Jesus, come?"

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
Oh! cry, while yet there's time,
"Lord Jesus, take my sins away,
And make me wholly Thine."

E. HODDER

48. MY BIBLE.

88.84. J. ZUNDEL.



My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And mercy speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.

My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known,
And here His love to man is shown—
His love to me.

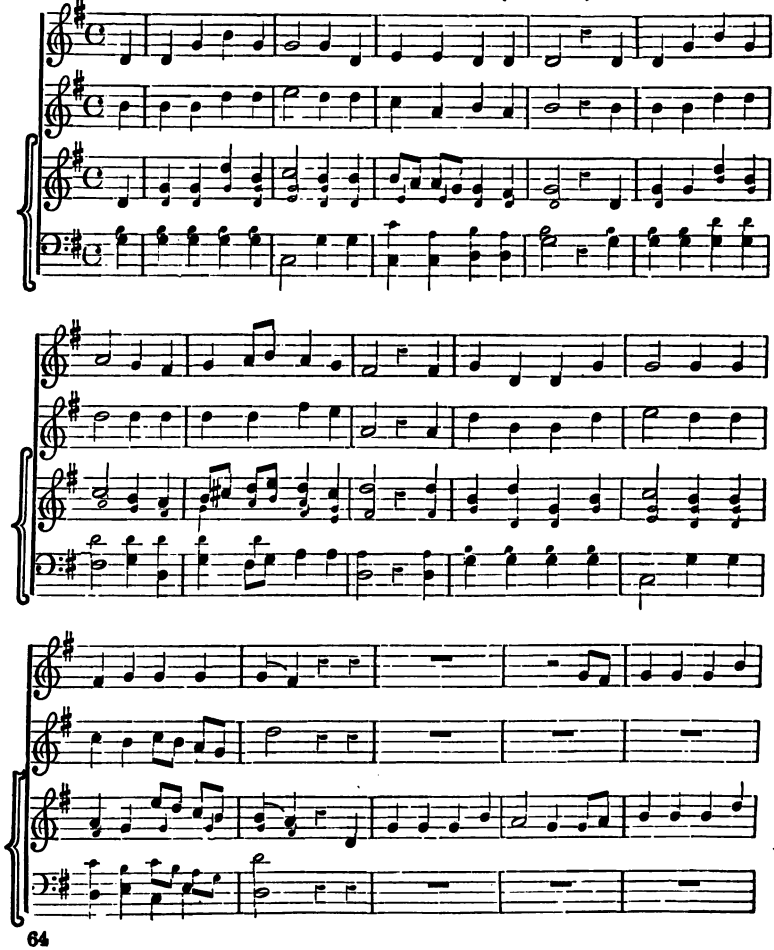
My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race,
Good news to me.

My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed;
Oh! this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.

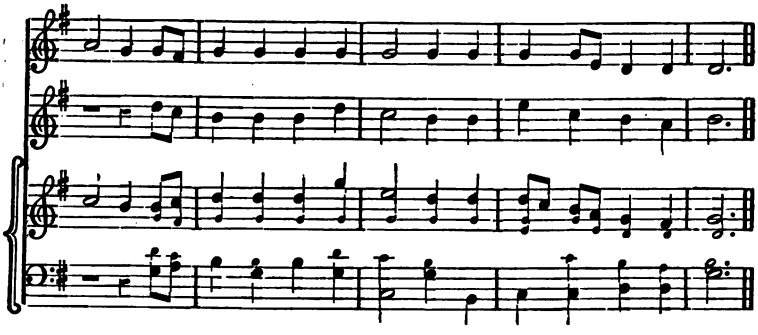
I love my Bible! may I ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Saviour there,
Who died for me!

49. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

7.6. Double. (Dunkirk.) BANISTER.



FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.



From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

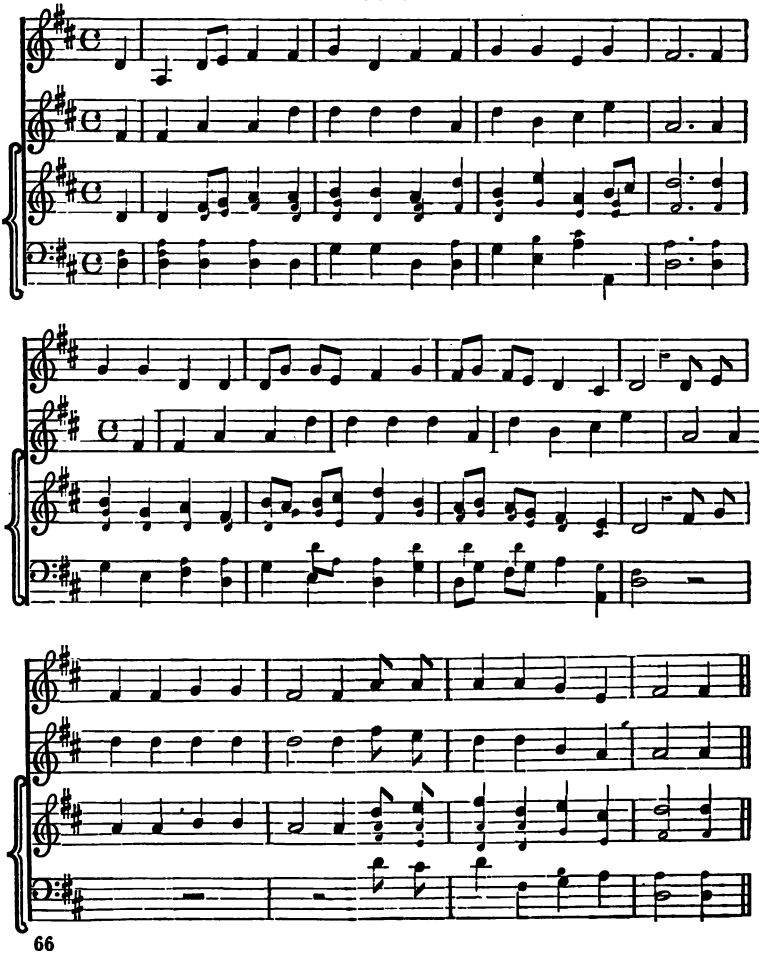
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

50. BEFORE THE GLORIOUS THRONE ABOVE.

P.M.



BEFORE THE GLORIOUS THRONE ABOVE.

Before the glorious throne above,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Children, who here knew Jesus' love,
There all His praises swell,
Singing, worthy, worthy, worthy!

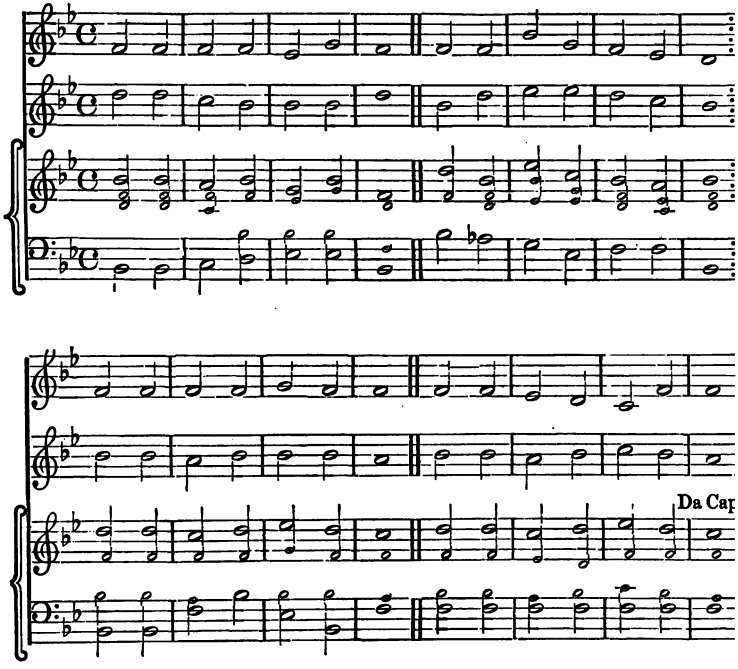
They wear the robe of spotless white,
And crowns are on their brow;
No sigh or tear mars their delight,
But all is rapture now.
Singing, &c.

They all ascribe to Jesus' grace
The bliss they now enjoy;
And while they gaze upon His face,
They find a sweet employ,
Singing, &c.

Oh may not we, while here below,
Begin that joyous song?
Then when to our bright home we go,
We shall the strain prolong,
Singing, &c.

51. YOUNG AND HAPPY WHILE THOU ART.

7's. Double. (Spain.)

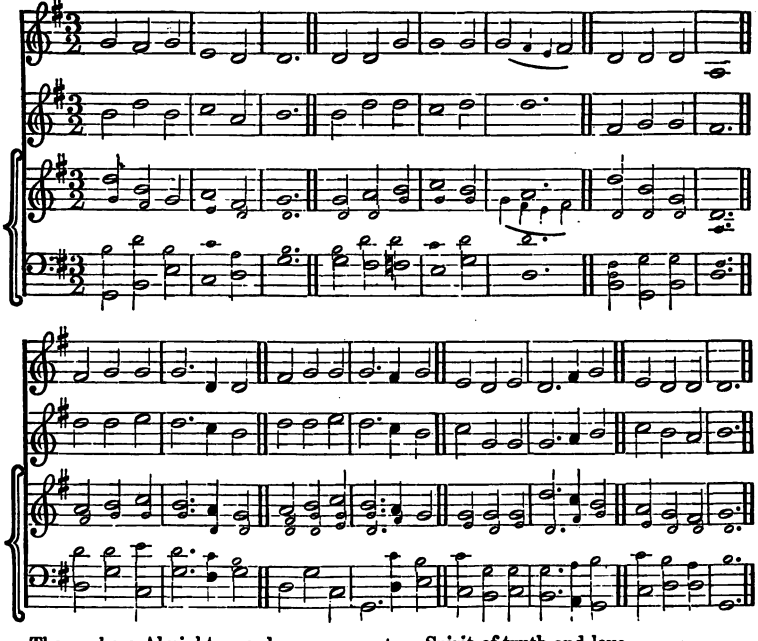


Young and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord thy Saviour now.
In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.

Life will have its evil years,
And its skies be overcast,
All the present thronged with fears,
And with vain regrets the past.
Let him tremble who his heart
Brings not in an hour like this,
Lest Jehovah say, "Depart,
You shall never taste my bliss."

52. LET THERE BE LIGHT.

664,6664. (Moscow.)



Thou, whose Almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
Saviour, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

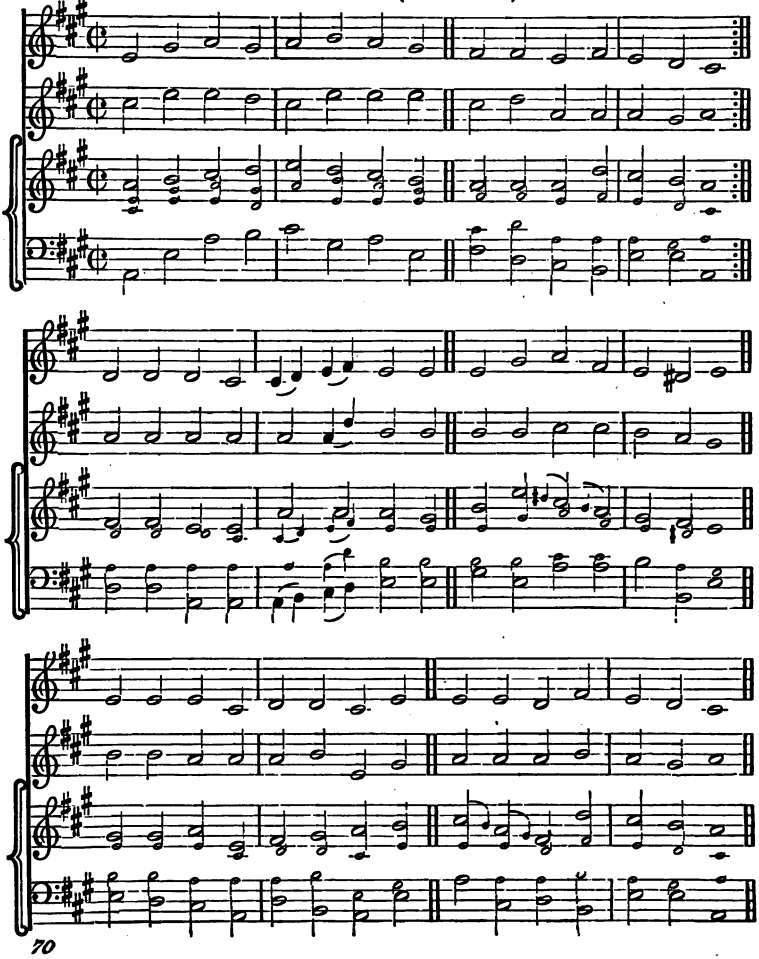
Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

MARRIOTT. 69

53. WHILE THE STREAM OF TIME IS FLOWING.

8.7. Double. (Benediction.)



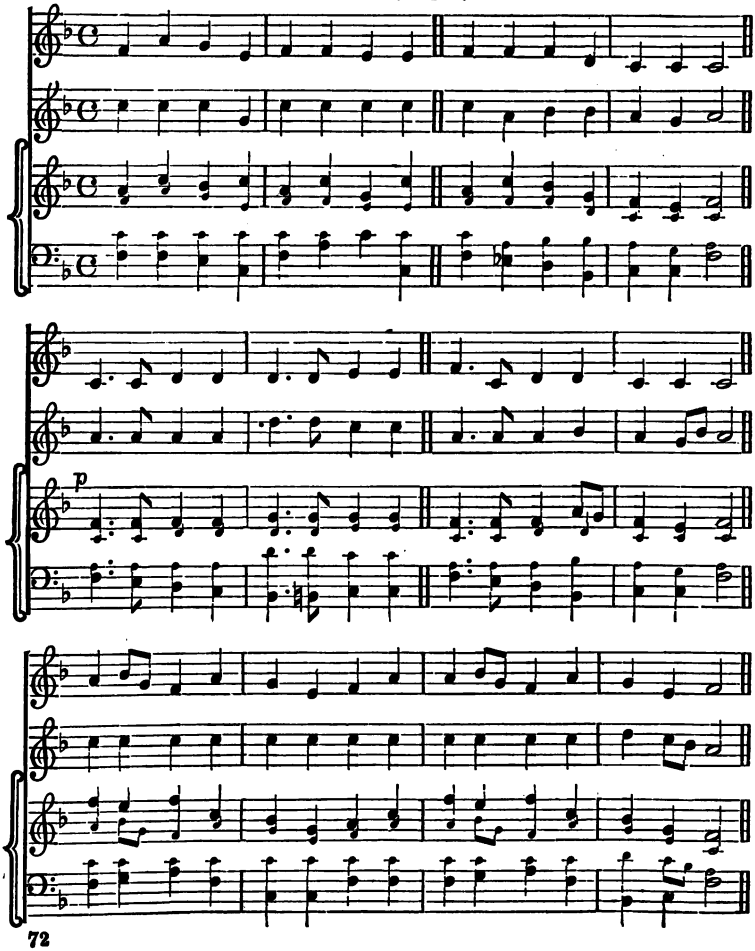
WHILE THE STREAM OF TIME IS FLOWING.

While the stream of time is flowing
  On a rapid, rushing course;
Seasons coming still, and going,
  Sped by a resistless force:
While our days so swift are flying,
  Like the wing'd, unerring dart,
Hark! we hear the Saviour crying,
  "Give me now, my son, thy heart!"

While the time of health is given,
  While the day is yet our own,
Mercy points the road to heaven,
  Speaks of joy and bliss unknown.
While around our friends are falling,
  And we only meet to part,
Listen! 'tis the Saviour calling,
  "Give me NOW, my son, thy heart!"

54. MIGHTY GOD, WHILE ANGELS BLESS THEE.

8.7.4. (Vesper.)



MIGHTY GOD! WHILE ANGELS BLESS THEE.

Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name!
Lord of men as well as angels,
Be Thou every creature's theme.
Hallelujah!

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!

For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
Hallelujah!

For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah!

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah!

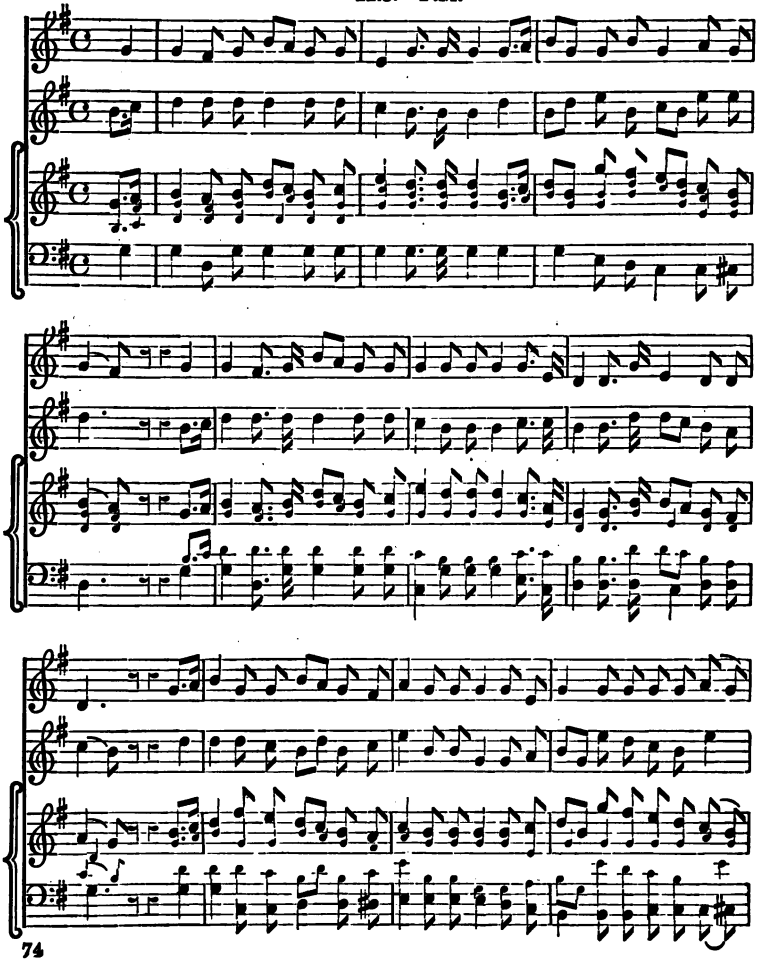
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah!

Rise from earth, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Come once more and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Hallelujah!

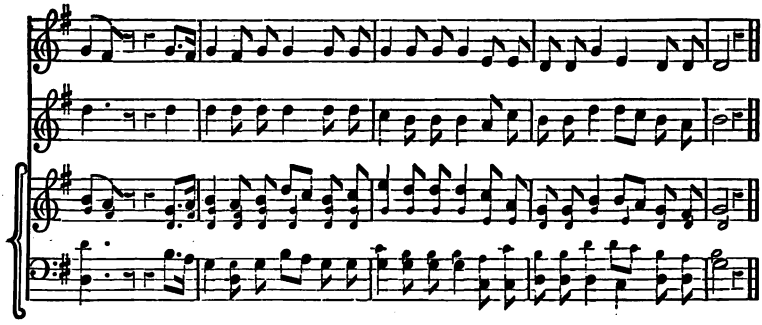
ROBINSON

55. I THINK, WHEN I READ THE SWEET STORY.

11.8. P.M.



I THINK, WHEN I READ THE SWEET STORY.



I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

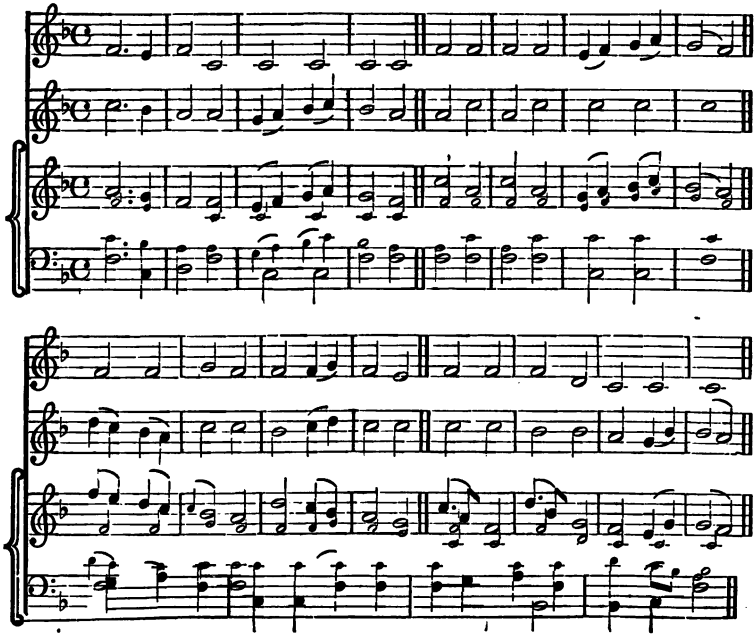
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

Mrs. Luke.

56. HEAVENLY FATHER, GRANT THY BLESSING.

8.7. (Worthing.) SCHELE.



Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing,
While Thy praise we humbly sing;
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring.

Yet, Thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow Thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call, and Thou wilt hear.

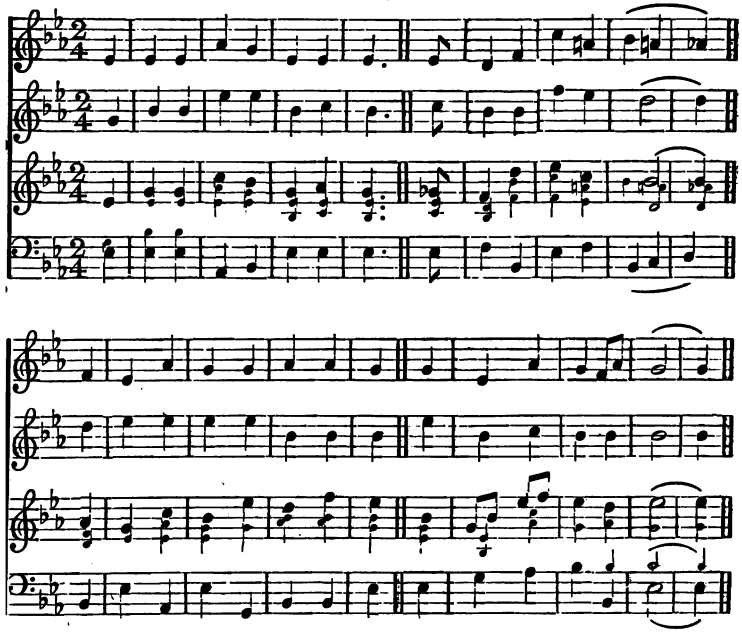
What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high;
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.

Weak and sinful, oh! how often
Must we look to God alone.
For His grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as His own?

May we from Thy love ne'er sever;—
Keep us 'neath Thy watchful eye;
Then give grace to praise Thee ever,
In that better world on high.

57. THY WORD IS LIKE A GARDEN, LORD.

C.M. S. D. RICKARDS.



Thy word is like a garden, Lord,
With flow'rs all bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For ev'ry searcher there.

Thy word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

Thy word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Thy word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

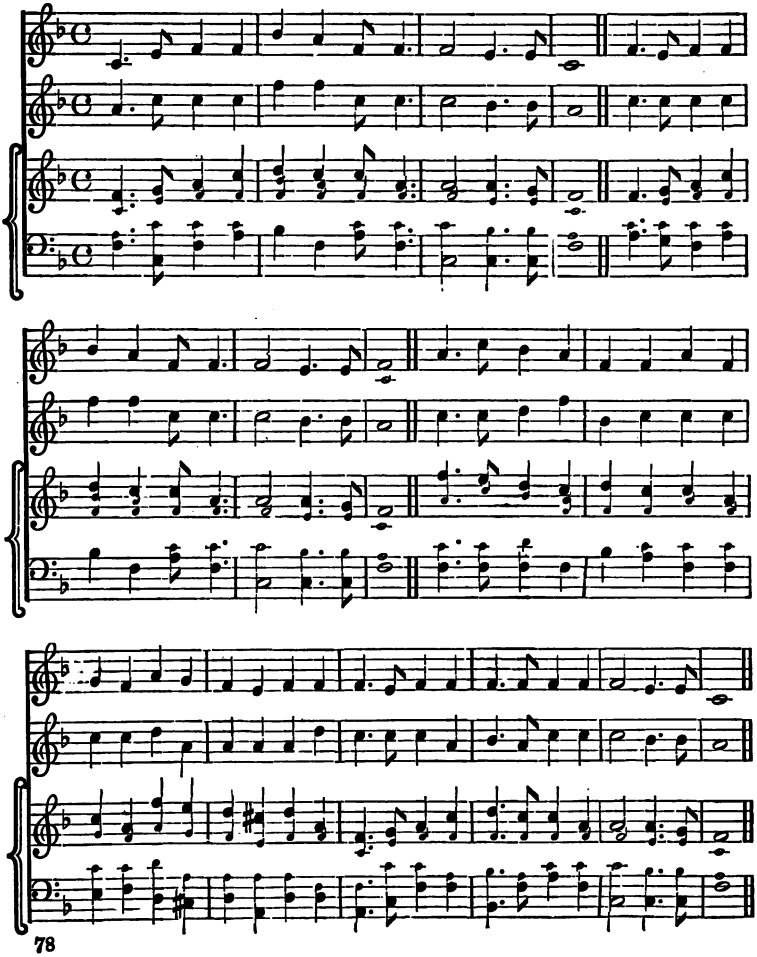
Oh, may I love Thy precious word,
May I explore the mine;
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!

Oh, may I find my armour there;—
Thy word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!

E. HODDER.

58. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

8.4.



ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

One there is above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day kind, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.
O how He loves!

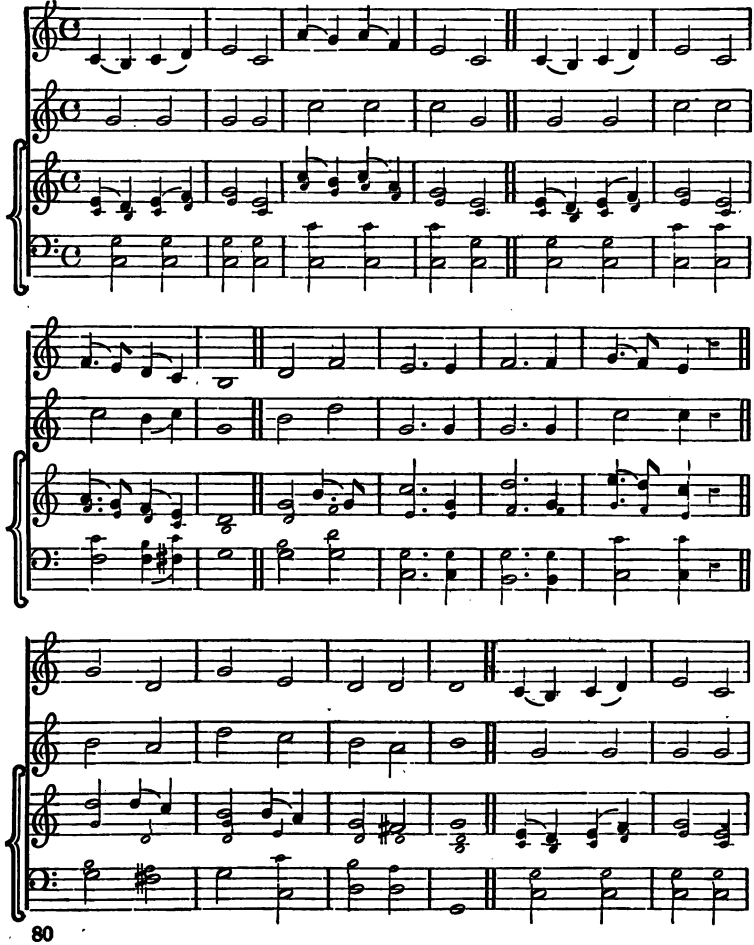
'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him,
O how He loves!
With His Spirit He has sought us,
His example bright has taught us,
Every blessing Jesus brought us,
O how He loves!

Tenderly will He befriend us,
O how He loves!
And will evermore defend us,
O how He loves!
May our hearts delight to hear Him,
Ever dwell in safety near Him,
Never more distrust or fear Him,
O how He loves!

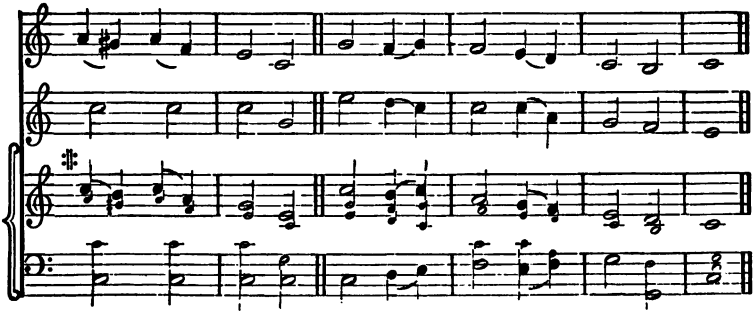
Miss Nunn.

59. CHILDREN, HEAR THE MELTING STORY.

8.7.4. (St. Dennis.) Adapted from M. Bost.



CHILDREN, HEAR THE MELTING STORY.



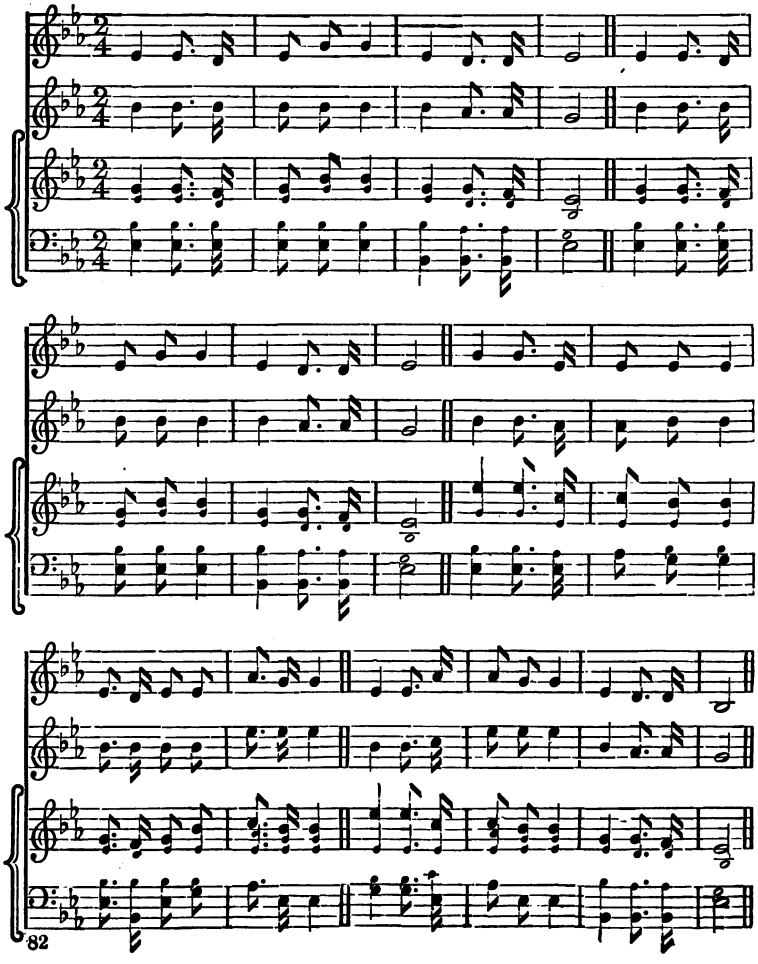
Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain:
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in His sight:
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are His delight;
Seek His favour,
And your hearts to Him unite.

All your sins to Him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On His precious name believe.
He is waiting!
Will you not His grace receive?

60. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

P.M. Indian Melody.



THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring—
  Praise, praise for aye.

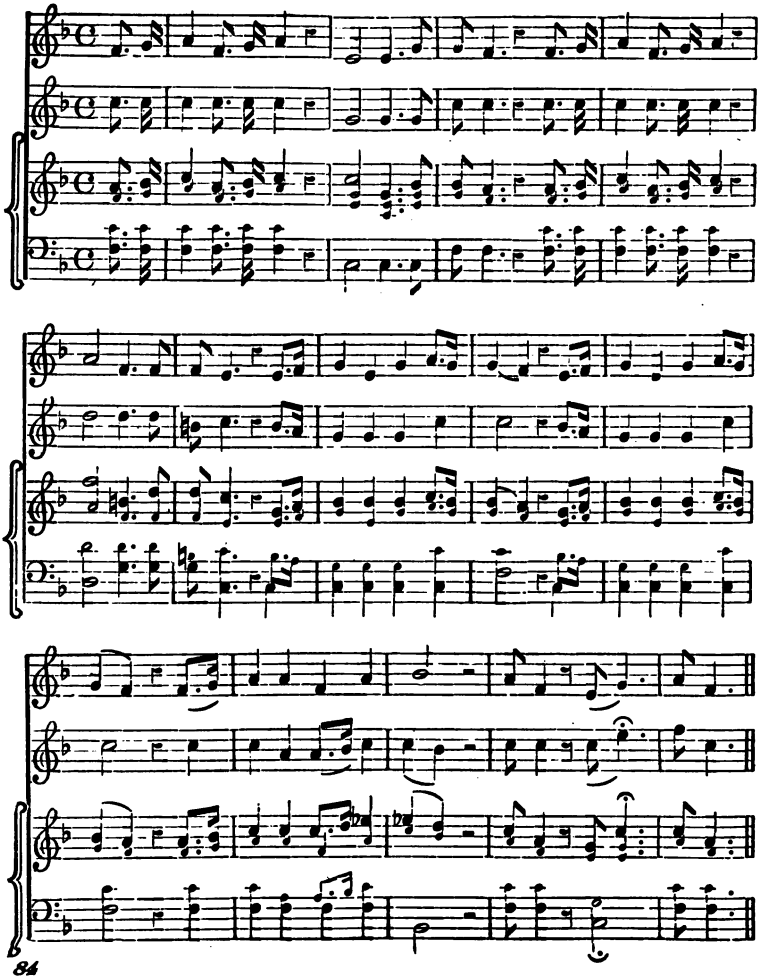
Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
  Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
  Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
  Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand
  Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
  We reign for aye.

A. YOUNG.

61. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

P.M. American.



WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again—
  Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
  Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
    Never, no never.

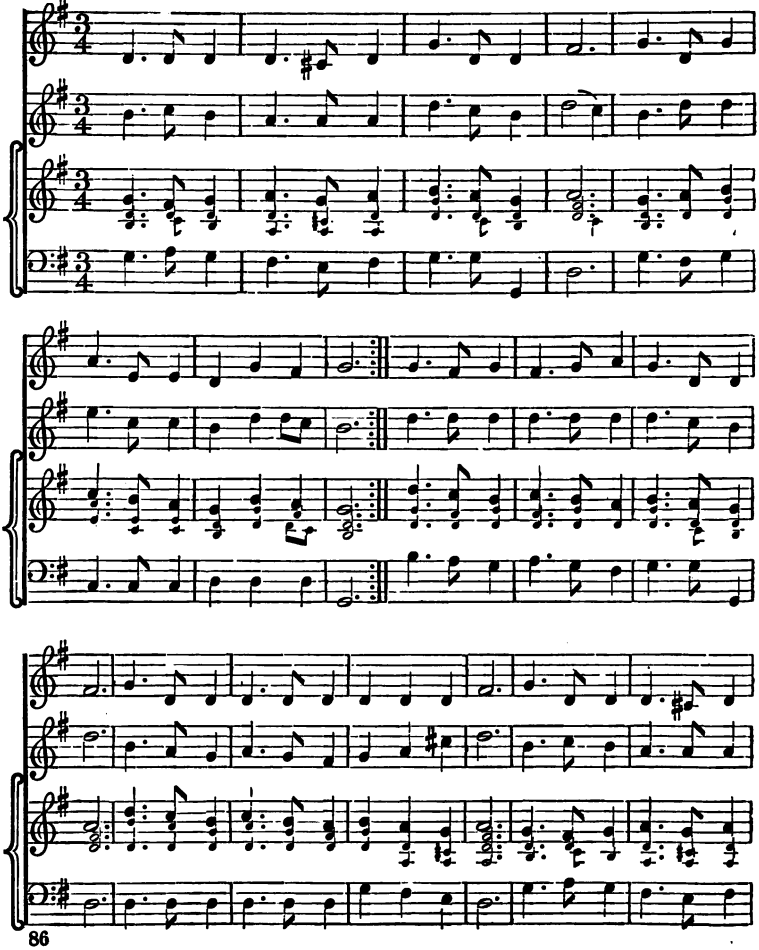
When shall love freely flow,
  Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
  Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
    Never, no never.

Up to that world of light,
  Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
  Happy for ever.
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
    Never, no never.

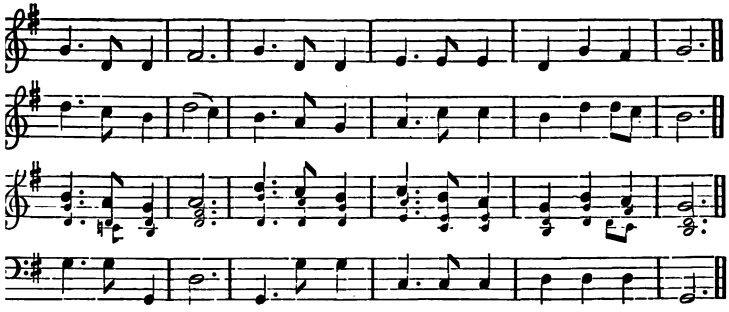
A. A. Watts.

62. "JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY."

P.M. Arranged by THOMAS CHANTREY.



JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.



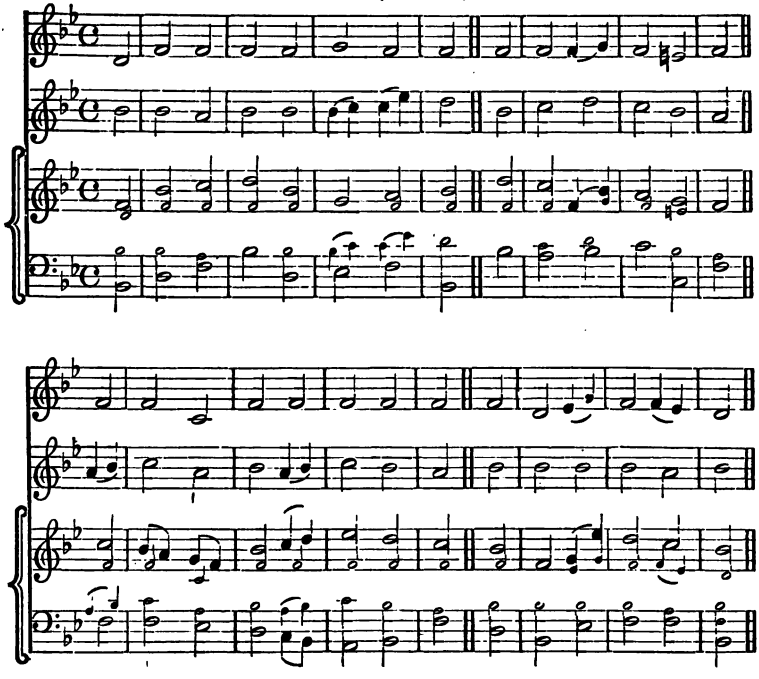
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, "Come,"
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

Teachers and scholars have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear.
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home. W. HUNTER.

63. WHEN WE DEVOTE OUR YOUTH TO GOD.

C.M. (Tiverton.) GERIG.



When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no mean sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

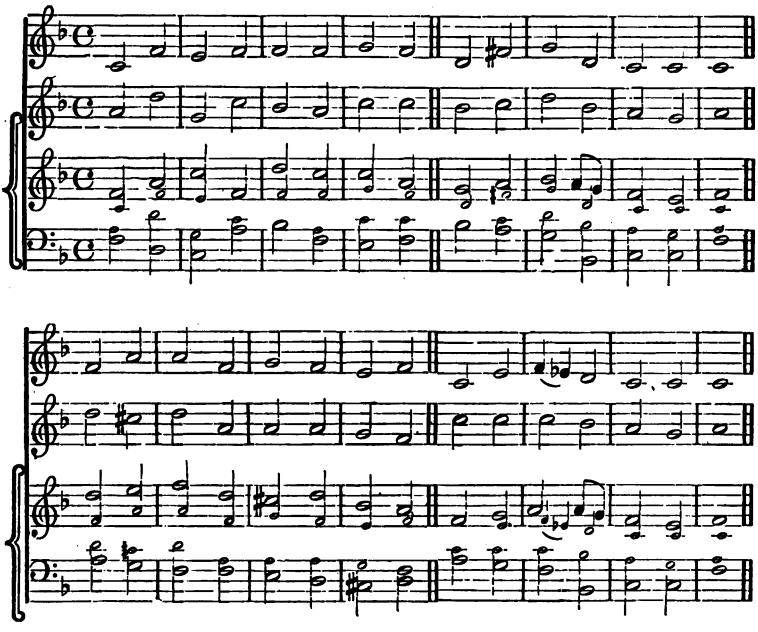
'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

64. FATHER, GIVE US NOW THY BLESSING.

8.7. JAMES SAMPSON.



Father, give us now Thy blessing,
Take us all beneath Thy care;
May we all enjoy Thy presence,
All Thy tender mercies share.

Let the seed which has been scattered,
Bring forth plenteous fruit to Thee:
Let this day be crowned with praises
Now and in eternity.

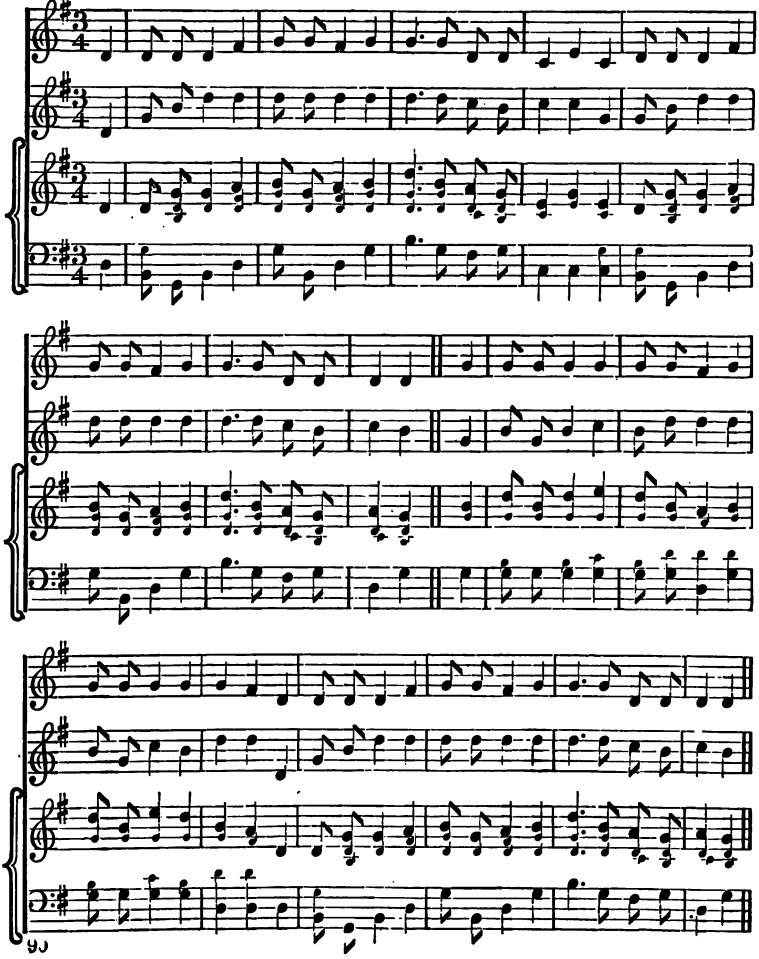
Keep us through the week from danger,
May we all by Thee be led;
Grant that for our souls and bodies
We may still have "daily bread."

Clothe and feed us, guard and bless us,
Bless our friends and all we love:
All through life wilt Thou be near us,
Then receive us all above?

Then we hope to praise Thee better,
When we join the heavenly host;
But we now our praise would give Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. E. HODDER. 89

65. THE SHINING SHORE.

P.M.



THE SHINING SHORE.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand.
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

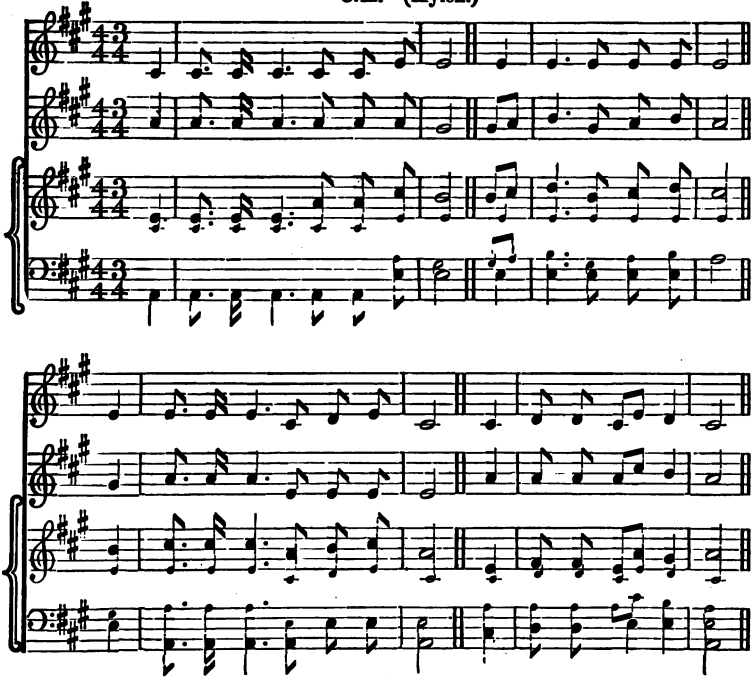
Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each chord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There is our home for ever.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

NELSON.

66. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

C.M. (Mylon.)



There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

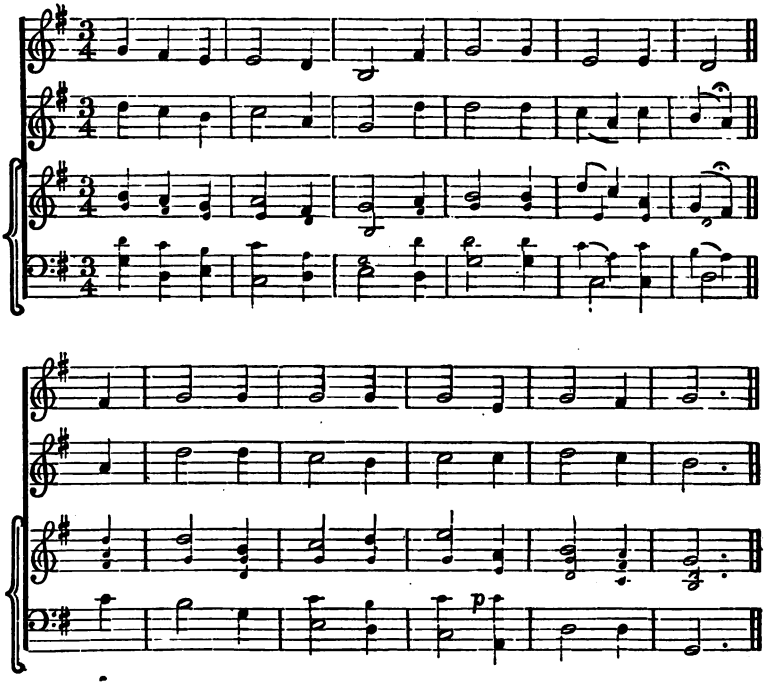
Oh could we make our doubts remove,
  Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
  Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

67. FATHER IN HEAVEN LOOK DOWN.

6. 6. 6. 4. JAMES SAMPSON.



Father in heaven look down,
While erring children pray
To Thee to guide them on,
Life's chequered way.

Temptations thick abound,
To lead our hearts astray;
Dangers unseen surround
Us on the way.

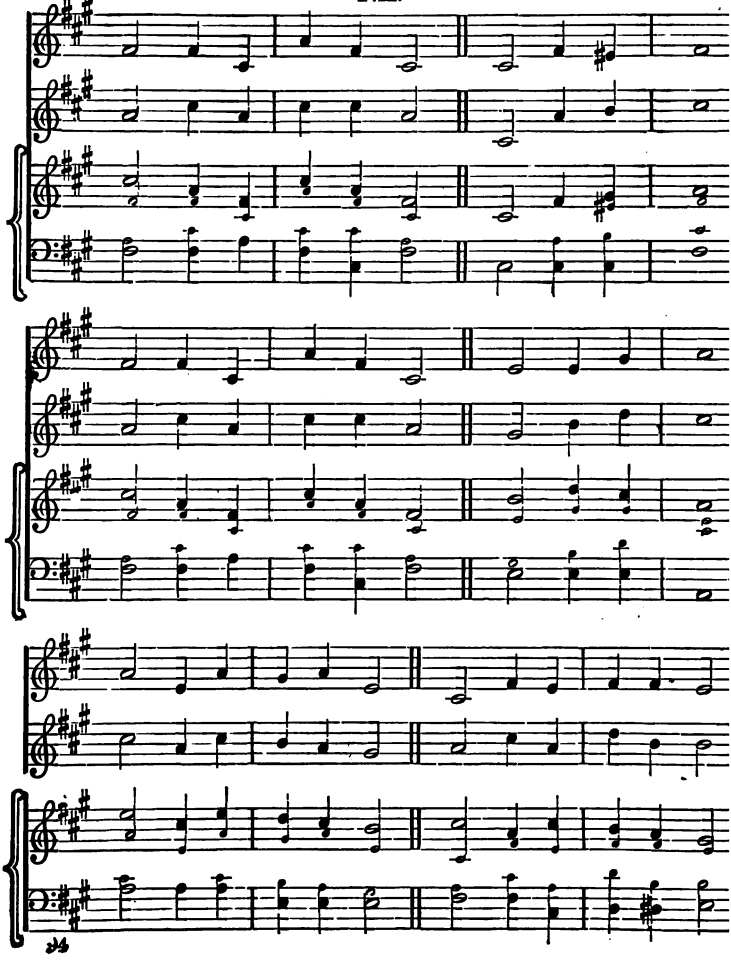
Be Thou our guide, O Lord,
From evil set us free;
Help us to tread the road
That leads to Thee.

L. S.

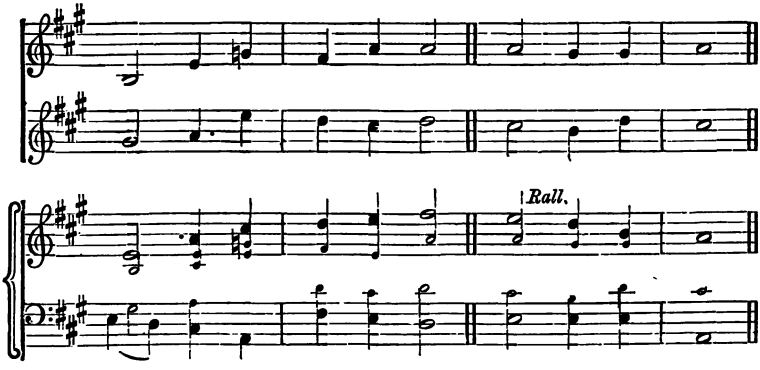
68. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

P.M.

JAMES SAMPS



HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland:
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last:
Heaven is my home.

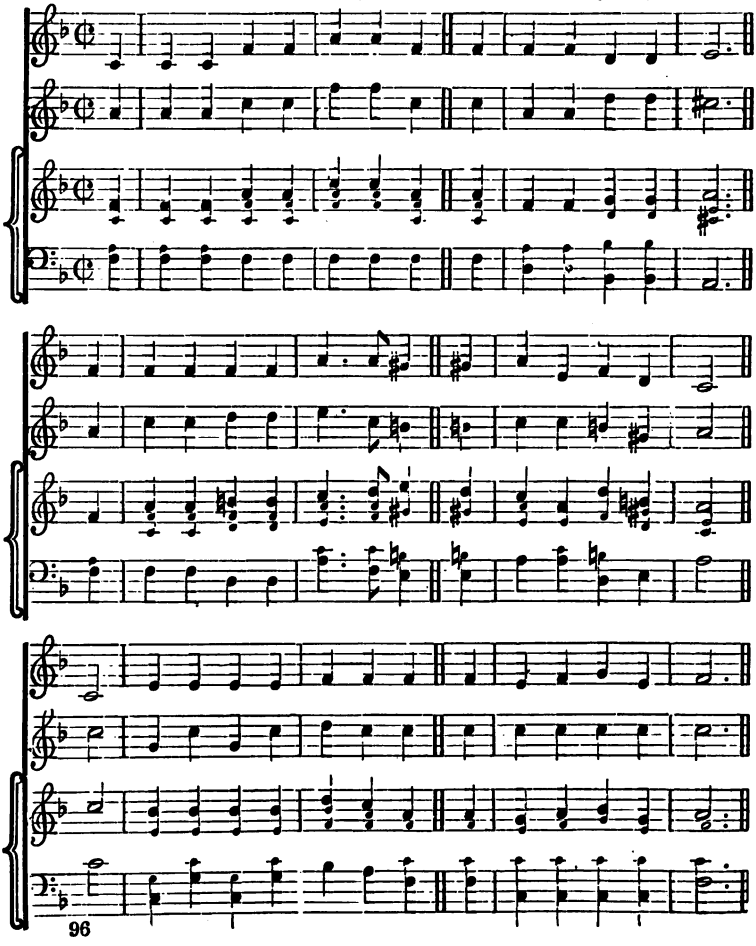
There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest:
Heaven is my home.

Therefore, I murmur not,
Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland:
Heaven is my home.

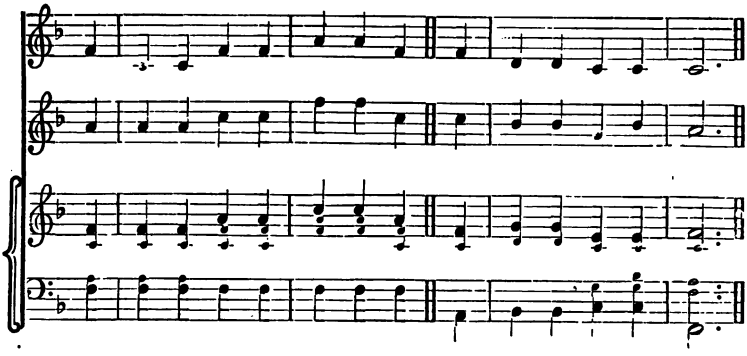
THOMAS R. TAYLOR.

69. TOWARDS THE RADIANT MARK I PRESS.

C.M.D. JAMES SAMPSON.



TOWARDS THE RADIANT MARK I PRESS.



Towards the radiant mark I press,
Along a weary road;
And strive to scorn each false caress
Which tempts my soul from God.
Sometimes I stumble on my way,
And all around is night;
I feel a hand, and catch a ray
Of kind reviving light.

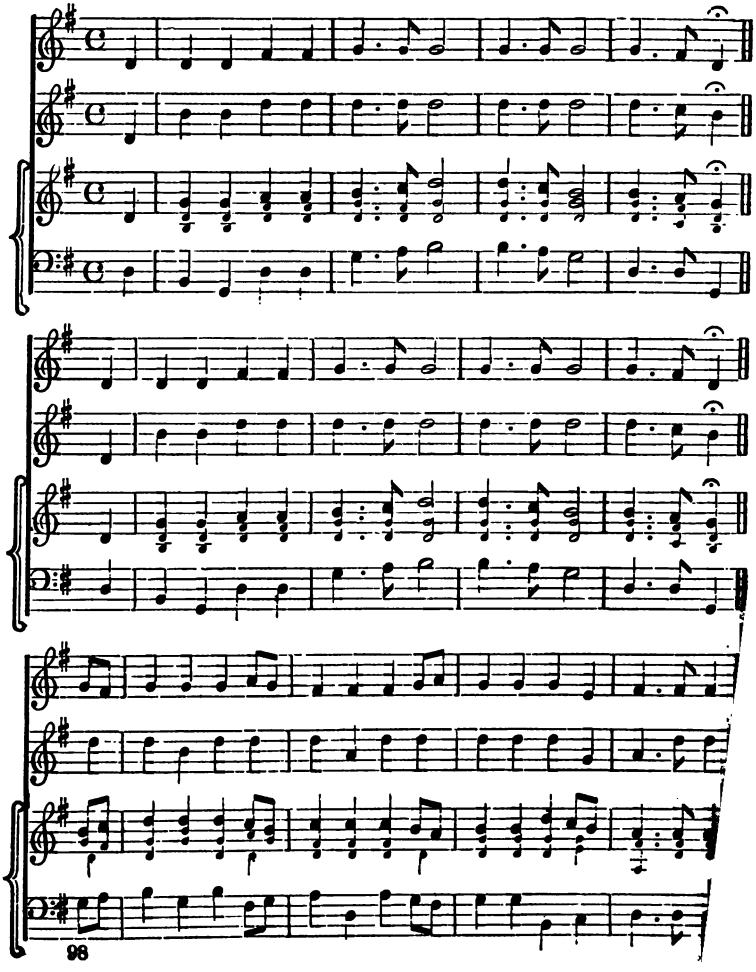
My bleeding Lord, upon the way,
I often think I see;
And, oft, methinks, I hear Him say,
"I suffered all for thee."
Then to the radiant mark I press,
And till my spirit gains
The gleaming crown of distant bliss,
I fill up what remains.

A grisly host, a phantom band,
My sins I often see;
I grasp the good sword in my hand
My Saviour gave to me.
I wear his shield upon my arm,
His breast-plate on my heart;
And thus against the night alarm,
I guard the better part.

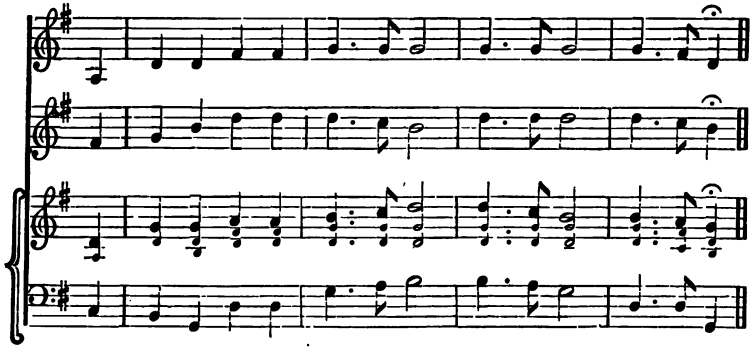
I fight the fight, I run the race,
And I shall surely win;
My conquering Captain gives me grace
The gates to enter in.
Towards the radiant mark I press,
Along a weary road;
And strive to scorn each false caress,
That tempts my soul from God.

Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

70. FAR AWAY.



FAR AWAY.



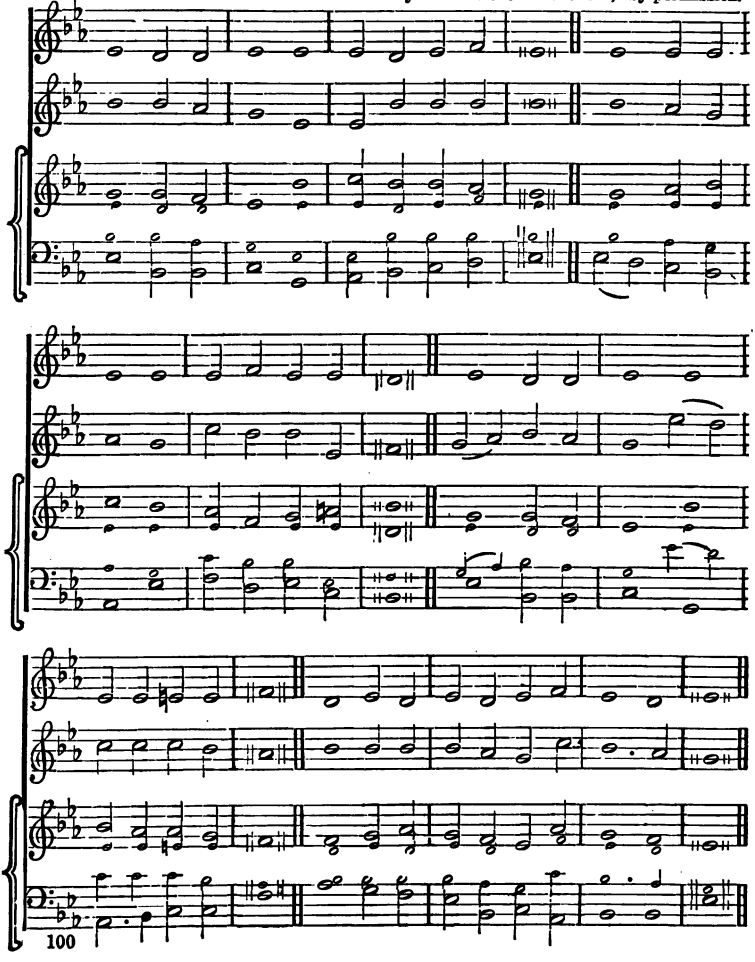
I often think of heathen lands,
Far away!
Where many an idol temple stands,
Far away!
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods its head;
Whilst many a muttering charm is said,
Far away!

Oh, how I pity children there,
Far away!
Although the climes are passing fair,
Far away!
I would not leave my humble home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no Gospel sounds should come,
Far away!

But I will pray that God will send,
Far away!
Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend,
Far away!
And every little I can spare,
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear,
Far away!

71. ABIDE WITH ME.

10's. From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by permission.



ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness thickens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

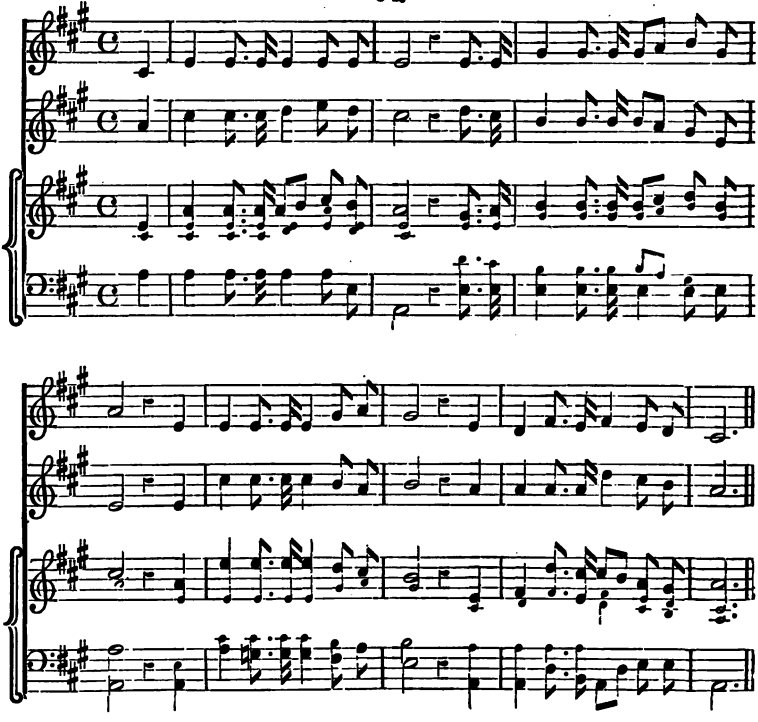
Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.

72. WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

8's.



We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

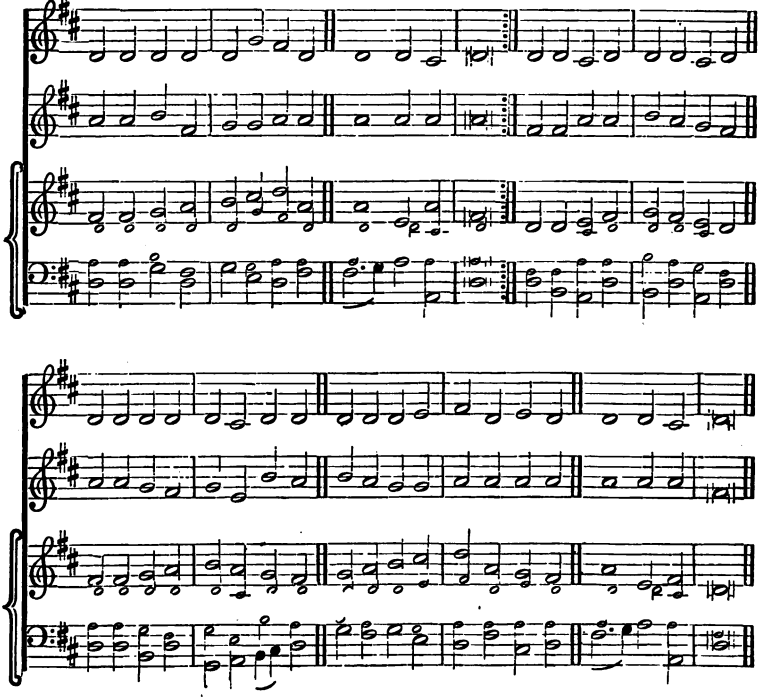
We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. E. Mills.

73. GOD, WHO MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

P.M. From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by permission.

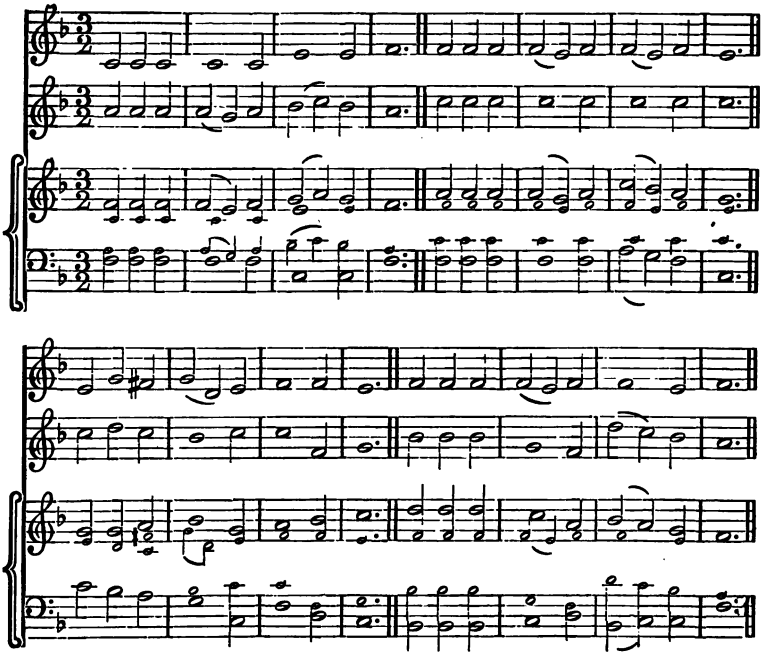


GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. R. HEBER.

74. SUN OF MY SOUL.

L.M. From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by permission.



Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

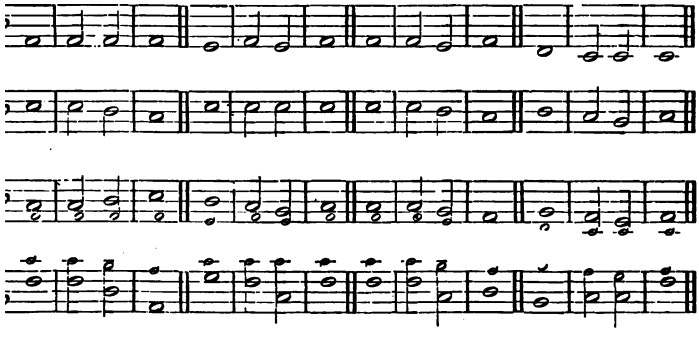
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

75. THY WILL BE DONE.

8 8 8 4.

From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by permission.



My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
May I be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

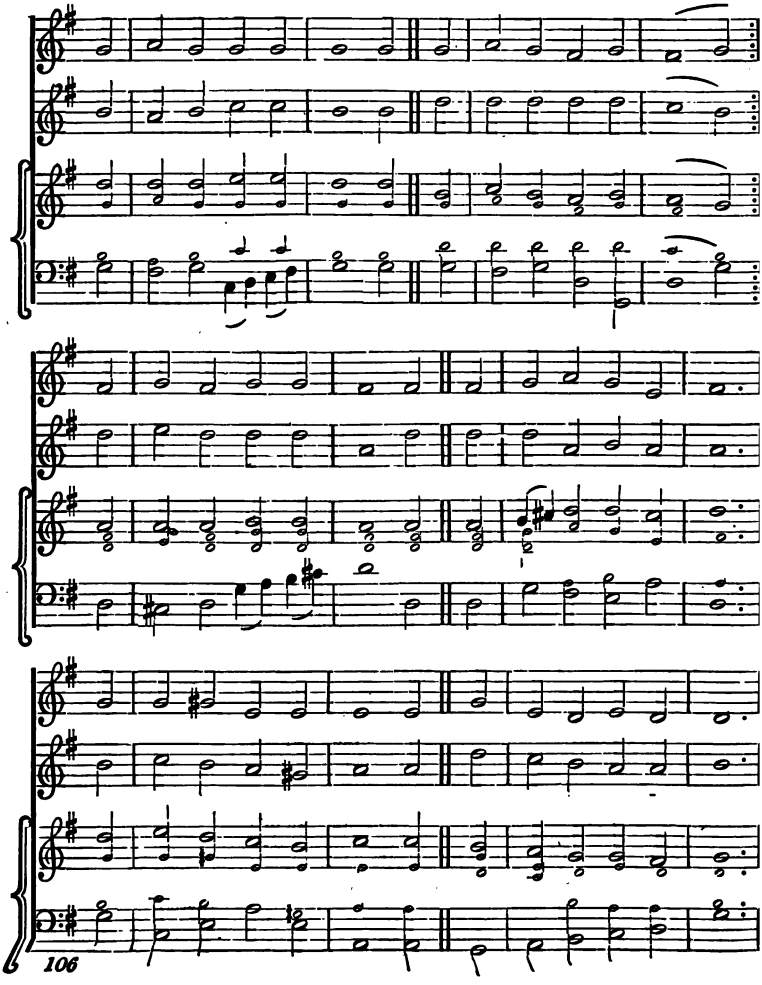
Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

C. Elliot.

76. LORD OF THE LIVING HARVEST.

76. double.

CRUGER.



LORD OF THE LIVING HARVEST.

Lord of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

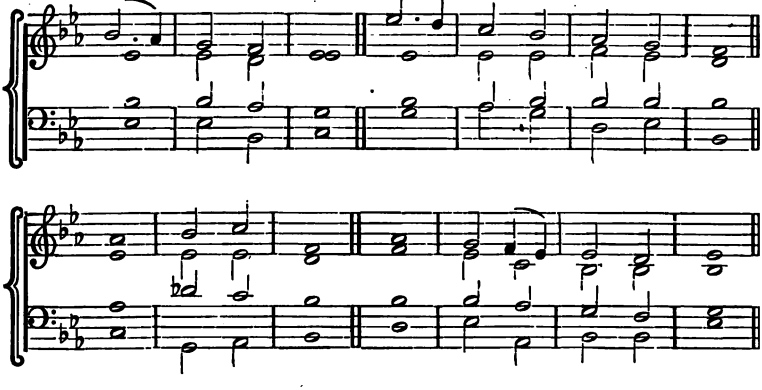
Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people,
Throughout this happy land.

Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God, the Holy Spirit!
O Blessed Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

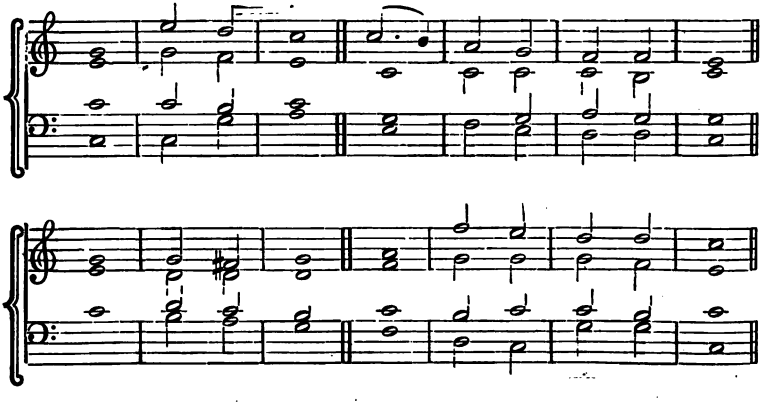
77. CHANT.

LORD MORNINGTON.



78. CHANT.

LAWES.



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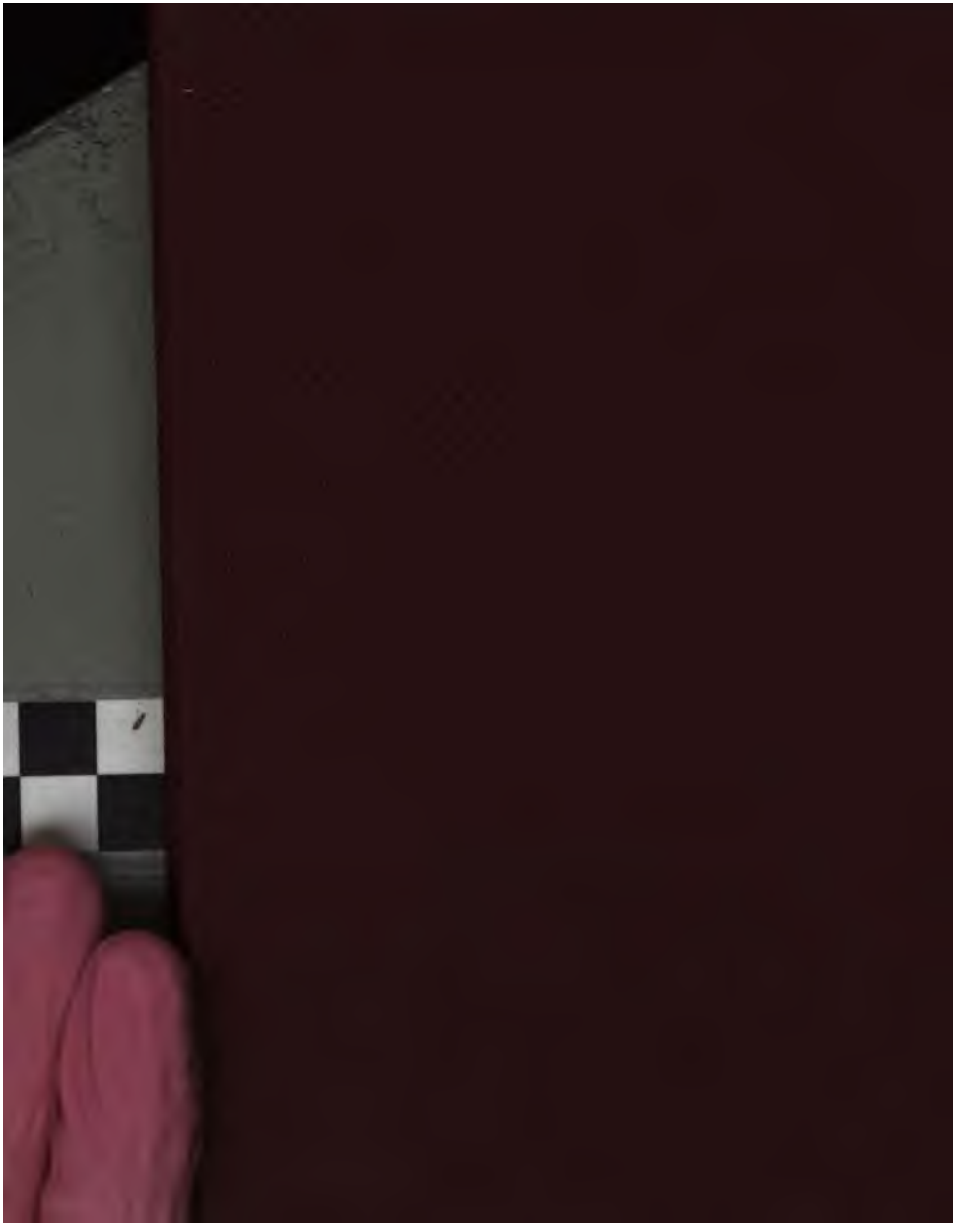
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